THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1925

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 83
The Third International — The Misunderstanding in 1919 — Centripetal Forces in Europe — Trade-Union Policies in France and England — Minor Notes

The Battle of Ayacucho . . . . . GENERAL MANGIN 89
A Chapter in the Liberty of a Continent

The Tactics of the Third International . ALEXEI PILENCO 96

Africa, Present and Future

I. Awakening Africa . . . . R. ST. BARBE BAKER 102
II. At a Gold Coast Market . . . THEODORE RUETE 107
III. A Pitso . . . . . J. E. CHABLE 112

The Origin of Lake Issyk-kul . . . . . P. SHKURKIN 114

The Love Affairs of Stendhal . . . . . JEAN CARRÈRE 117

Anna Clara's Dance . . . . . HASSE ZETTERSTRÖM 121
The Story of a Little Girl

A Page of Verse 124
The Inefficacious Egg — A Friend

Life, Letters, and the Arts 125
Princes on Their Own — King Charles's Head — 'Outward Bound' in Vienna — Novelists' Wealth — German Actors' Salaries — Yale Football and the English Press — Reopening the British Empire Exposition — The Satisfied Bachelor

Books Abroad 129
The Wonders of Salvage — Stella Defiant — Nell Gwynne — London Inns and Taverns — Books Mentioned

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

STUDY AT HOME

DIRECTED BY

The University of Chicago

Education is profit that can't be lost. Courses in Psychology, English, History, Languages, the Sciences, Business and 40 other subjects. All command High School or College credit. Begin any time. Nominal cost. Address 36 Ellis Hall, The University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Now Published Separately

The Index for the Living Age beginning Vol. 318 (July 1923—September 1923) will be published separately, and may be secured by sending a post card to the

LIVING AGE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

BARRETT WENDELL
AND HIS LETTERS

By M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

Mr. Howe has gathered into this book the best of the correspondence of those thirty-five years when Professor Wendell was delivering the lectures that shocked, delighted, and fascinated an audience ranging from his Harvard classroom across two continents.—Boston Herald. $4.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, *or*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON

New Atlantic Books

MY DEAR CORNELIA

By STUART SHERMAN

If you like witty conversation and brilliant repartee, you will thoroughly enjoy these spirited discussions of such absorbing topics as modern novels, prohibition, religion, marriage and modern girls. $2.50

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A book of keen interest to all lovers of the theatre. It is brimful of amusing anecdotes and choice bits of gossip about famous plays and players.
Profusely illustrated. $4.00

"LOUDER, PLEASE!"

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Some thirty years ago Mr. Calkins came to New York, friendless, penniless, and deaf; he is now at the head of the advertising profession. This is his life-story, and a more human, fascinating, humorous and at times pathetic autobiography has not been published.
Illustrated. $2.50

THE GALLANTS

By E. BARRINGTON

Everyone who reads *The Divine Lady* or *"The Ladies!"* will want to read this new book in which the mystery of favorite Old World heroes is revealed. *Illustrated.* $3.50

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
BOSTON

An Opportunity

From week to week, the *Living Age* keeps its readers in touch with contemporary thought and achievement all over the world. Why not make quite sure of seeing it regularly?

THE LIVING AGE L.A. 1-10-25
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning .....

Name .....

Address ..... *City* .....

*Foreign postage $1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 324 — *JANUARY 10, 1925* — NO. 4201

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL

We print elsewhere in this issue a sensational but apparently authoritative article upon the tactics of the Third, or Moscow, International in its effort to promote a world-wide revolt of the 'proletariat' — precisely what that is, taking the world over, we do not know — against the 'bourgeoisie' — an equally indefinite term in our mind. There is just one contingency that may make such tactics of dreadful import for peace-loving people: it is another World War. Therefore the fact that such a propaganda exists, organized and conducted with acknowledged ability and subscribing to a creed likely to win adherents wherever large masses of men are denied a fair chance in life, is a constant admonition to our governments.

But such expositions of doctrine are apt to be more sensational than facts warrant; and the tactics exposed in the article we publish elsewhere, though known to the well-informed, are not likely to deter the Conservatives of Europe from dealing with Moscow. The *New Statesman*, which condemned bitterly the proposed Russian treaty negotiated by the MacDonald Cabinet, thinks Mr. Baldwin's Ministry should continue these negotiations: —

> It is childish to represent Russia as a bankrupt country, which can never recover its productive capacity so long as it is ruled by a band of doctrinaire butchers. We hold no brief for either the doctrines or the butcheries of the Bolsheviki, but we are bound to protest against the pretense that they are half-wits, incapable of running an apple-stall. Despite famine, pestilence, war, and other handicaps, — some of which we may think, if we choose, they have imposed on themselves, — they have made a going concern of the wreckage of five years ago. It goes slowly, no doubt, and creakingly; but it goes. The currency has been stabilized, the volume of trade has increased, wages have risen, productivity has risen. The official estimates of industrial production for the coming year anticipate a general increase of thirty per cent in output (except in the fuel industry). That estimate may very likely be too high — we do not suggest that all the prophecies of the Moscow bureaucracy are to be accepted for gospel. But there was a large increase last year, and there is no reason to suppose that the improvement will not continue, even if it does not amount immediately to

Copyright 1925, by the Living Age Co.
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty per cent. Russia, in short, has within her borders vast natural resources, and men with both the capacity and the determination to develop them. Some of those men — all of them, if you will — may be very disagreeable fellows politically, and even their economic policy may, in many respects, seem perverse to us. But the fact remains that Russian trade, in spite of the difficulties and risks and suspicions attaching to it, is a business proposition. We do not believe that British financiers and industrialists are going to refuse it.

With regard to the attitude of the Soviet Government to the League of Nations, the following quotations from Chicherin's Report to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government last October are significant: —

As you know, our Government considers the present League, under its existing Constitution and organization, a poorly disguised coalition of victorious Powers formed to protect their conquests and annexations. The reports that have recently got abroad to the effect that the Soviet Government or some of its representatives have discussed the possibility of our ever joining the League of Nations, even in company with another Power [that is, Germany. — EDITOR], are pure inventions. Our Government has repeatedly declared that it can only take part in periodical meetings of all the countries of the world on a basis of complete equality, where no Powers possess an artificial predominance, and where no coercion of any character is contemplated. Naturally that does not prevent our sending an unofficial observer to the League of Nations.

At the same time, Chicherin was careful to explain that the Soviet Government did not oppose Germany's joining the League.

✽

THE MISUNDERSTANDING IN 1919

L. J. MAXSE, the editor of the Tory *National Review*, mentions apropos of the death of Senator Lodge that he was in correspondence with the Senator on the eve of the Paris Peace Conference. Immediately after the elections of November, 1918, which resulted in sweeping Republican victories, Senator Lodge pointed out in his letters that such an occurrence in England would have necessitated a change of Government, and said that he doubted if the new situation in America was adequately appreciated in Europe. Mr. Maxse promptly posted off to Paris to see Clemenceau, to whom he repeated the gist of his information. We describe the conversation in his own words. Mr. Maxse inquired: —

'As the Republicans are now masters of the situation in Washington, and will decide the fate of any Peace Treaty that may be drafted in Paris, could you not establish some liaison with the Republican Party so that you may know how far they will go in approving what is done here?' We think there can be no possible harm in repeating Monsieur Clemenceau's characteristic reply: 'Is it to be open or secret liaison? How can it be open in the face of Wilson's attitude toward the Republican Party? How could it hope to remain secret seeing that no secret is ever kept in Washington?' To this there was no answer.

Lord Charnwood incidentally touches upon the same subject in a letter to the *Times*, in which he says: —

The attitude of the American statesmen who rejected the Covenant has never been generally appreciated here, which was probably due to some failure of public information during the war. I may seem to speak arrogantly; but I was in America when the war ended, have had some means of knowledge about the actual thoughts of Roosevelt on this matter, and for the last six years of the life of Senator Lodge, the great opponent of the League, lived on terms of intimate and affectionate correspondence with the latter statesman. It may be well even now to declare that the opposition of those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who prevailed against the Covenant in America, to its governing principle, had been well thought out and plainly declared by them before America entered the war, and further, that these were men anxious, beyond perhaps all others, to play a loyal part toward the French and ourselves in the war. They may have been right or wrong; but their conviction was reasonable and was honorable; and I doubt whether even now any adhesion of America to the League which could come about through any party victory over such men's opposition could be worth having.

Lord Charnwood thinks that it was England's duty in 1919 to enlighten France, whose whole policy was based upon the assumption of our continued coöperation in Europe, as to the real state of public opinion in this country, and that this act of omission involves the British people in a special obligation toward France: —

It would have been very hard for Frenchmen to grasp the situation in America then. It would have been extremely easy for our Government to do so if it had used the means of information which were abundantly at its command. We are really in the position of having led France to rely upon an expectation which we ought to have known might prove false.

❦

CENTRIPETAL FORCES IN EUROPE

LATE last September the newspapers of Czechoslovakia, followed by those of Austria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, began to discuss a plan for drawing together the Succession States of Austria-Hungary in an economic union. Mr. Beneš, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, was said to be the author of the proposal. At least it consulted the interests of his country.

Apparently this proposal has caught the popular fancy of the thinking people of the Danube Valley in a rather remarkable way. It is not new, but the time is apparently ripe for its provisional acceptance — at least for its serious consideration. Of course, national sentiment and economic interest are likely to come into conflict over any suggestion of this sort. Railway managers, merchants, and large manufacturers are eager to promote international agreements that will extend their connections and enlarge their markets. On the other hand, preachers of the self-contained and self-sufficient State look with distrust upon measures likely to increase the interdependence of themselves and their neighbors. But it is argued that the military Little Entente may properly have as its shadow — or should we say substance? — a business Little Entente.

Both the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps* have recently been telling the people of the Succession States that their only economic salvation lies in some sort of closer commercial union. Naturally this pleases *Neue Freie Presse*, which regards such statements as a confession of error at Versaille. Its editor says: —

The criminal always returns to the place of his crime. This old experience proves true likewise in politics and in economics. To break up a natural economic unit like the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was such a unique, extraordinary, and irrationally fantastic piece of political malpractice as to be explainable only by the atmosphere of blind passion and still blinder ignorance in which it was committed.

This journal conjectures that the strong money Powers, especially Great Britain, may bring credit pressure to bear on the recalcitrant States to compel them to listen to reason. At least two things ought to be possible immediately: the complete abolition of export and import embargoes, and the creation of a permanent tariff and transportation commission of the Succession States, endowed with sufficient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority to keep the channels of trade among these States uninterruptedly open.

But the mind of Europe is turning toward still more inclusive combinations, though at present only timidly and tentatively. We have already referred to the Pan-Europa propaganda being conducted in Germany and elsewhere, which looks toward a United States of Europe. Premier Herriot, in addressing friends of the League of Nations at the Sorbonne not long ago, took pains to endorse the same idea. He is the first European statesman occupying a post so eminent to express himself thus definitely on this subject; but he was speaking in the spirit of his Party, and Caillaux, its former chief, has long been an advocate of at least an economic union of the European Powers.

A still more remarkable statement endorsing the same ideal was made by the German Foreign Minister, Stresemann, in a newspaper interview. Referring to Herriot's address, he said that he welcomed the suggestions it contained that Europe could recover her economic prosperity only by restoring the economic unity that had been destroyed by political discord. He characterized the London Agreement as the first step toward the practical realization of Europe's economic solidarity, and regarded the next step as a lowering of tariffs and a removal of all other artificial obstacles to intra-European trade.

*

TRADE-UNION POLICIES IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

FRENCH trade-unionists apparently place a very latitudinarian interpretation on the 'union' part of their name. For some time there had been two general confederations of Labor in that country, one relatively conservative, and the other revolutionary, divided as to policies about as the American Federation and the Railway Brotherhoods are divided from the I.W.W. in the United States. The radical confederation — of the I.W.W. type — has had its own little private split between the members who believe in communism and the members who believe in anarchism. Their doctrinal differences resemble those between Emma Goldman and the Bolsheviki. This split has at length developed into a complete separation, so that there are now three rival confederations of Labor in France.

British trade-unionists seem to possess a more compromising temper. At their Hull Congress they appointed delegates to attend the Sixth Conference of the Russian trade-unions in Moscow, and *Pravda* says that the Bolsheviki were 'particularly delighted at the friendly attitude these visitors displayed.' At Hull British Labor showed cool-headed toleration rather than demonstrative enthusiasm toward a delegation of Russian trade-union visitors that turned up there. But some of the Laborists were decidedly more cordial to the stranger within their gates. Among the latter was the president of the Trade-Union Congress himself, Mr. Purcell, who later was one of the delegates to Moscow, where — according to *Pravda* again — he delivered a sensational speech, declaring that the general executive of the British Trade and Labor Congress 'would do the utmost to secure the adhesion of the Russian trade-union movement to the international movement,' adding: 'We English trade-unionists are firmly convinced that if Amsterdam [that is, the anti-Bolshevist Labor headquarters] does not bring this about, it is our task to do so.'

The London *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting upon this speech, which is published verbatim in *Die Rote Fahne*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

describes — with what justification we do not know — the British trade-union leader as 'calling for cheers for Trotskii's Red cavalry' and flattering his hosts by 'picturing to them the terror-stricken faces of the British bourgeoisie as they hear the distant tramping of these dread horsemen of the coming Apocalypse.'

❦

MINOR NOTES

ENGLAND is exercised over the immigration question, especially in view of the present period of unemployment. While the Government is assisting British settlers to migrate to the Colonies, foreigners are pouring in at the rate of several hundred thousand a year. To be sure, the outflow is very considerable. In 1923, during the depth of the depression, it exceeded the inflow. To-day there are 272,862 registered aliens in the country, of whom by far the greater number, or approximately 168,000, are in London.

UNDER the title 'Rounding Seraglio Point,' the *Westminster Gazette* discusses the recommendations made by the House of Clergy to amend the Church of England marriage service so as to eliminate the word 'obey' from the wife's contract: 'The full significance of the word is lost in the mystical romance which the Church seeks to weave round the ceremony. Nevertheless, "obey" is a relic of ancient times when a wife was regarded as a piece of property, and it is time it was swept away, although it is one of the ironies of the controversy which has raged about it that most of the objection to it has come from spinster suffragettes not usually in danger of marriage.'

ENGLAND is preparing to build two airships of about five million cubic feet capacity, — or twice the size of the Shenandoah and the Los Angeles, — to run between England and India. It is hoped to inaugurate this service early in 1927. One will be built by the Government and the other by a commercial company. The drawings for these vessels are said to be well advanced, but actual construction cannot be begun until next July. They will be 720 feet in length, 140 feet in height, and driven by seven engines, each of 600 horse power, burning heavy fuel-oil. The maximum speed will be about 70 miles an hour, and accommodations will be provided for 100 passengers.

THE man who complains because he has to pay ten cents for his Sunday paper may find some consolation in the thought that the Russian muzhik who craves the luxury of a daily journal has to make a rather heavier sacrifice to obtain it. The subscription price of *Pravda*, the official Communist daily of Moscow, is thirty poods, or more than a thousand pounds of rye, per annum. This is nearly the normal crop on a dessiatine of land. Since the average farm is four or five dessiatines in extent, a peasant subscriber — assuming him to exist — would have to pay approximately one fifth of his farm income for his daily paper.

L'Opinion, a Paris Conservative weekly, reports without giving its authority the following story of the ex-Crown Prince. During his famous voyage to India, he was walking with other guests in the grounds of his host after a State banquet. Someone asked the name of a remarkably brilliant star that was just then visible in the heavens. The Crown Prince, who chanced to overhear the question, promptly answered with the most serious voice in the world: 'I supposed everyone knew it. That is the star my illustrious father presented to the Almighty.'

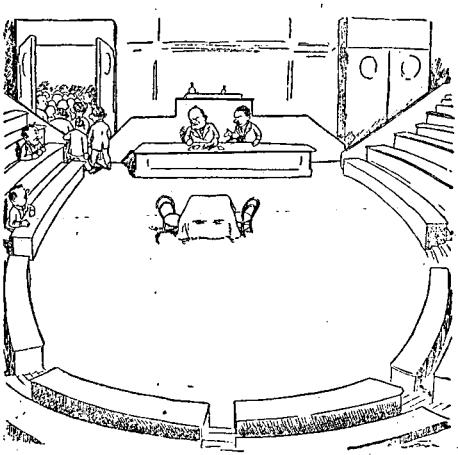
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETTER a small free State under the League than a new Republic with the responsibilities and expenses of a military Power — at least this must be the opinion in Danzig. That city has turned a deficit of about $217,000 in 1920 into a surplus of approximately the same amount for each year since that date. This achievement is due to an inflexible paring-down of the civil service by dismissing every unnecessary employee, and the relentless levying and collection of taxes. As a result it is now possible to repeal the property-tax and to make heavy cuts in other imposts.

THE Royal Arsenal Coöperative Society of Great Britain has just purchased from the Government a big housing development erected during the war for munition workers. This coöperative society already has its own Garden City on the outskirts of Woolwich, where it has built more than a thousand homes for its members. The Well Hall estate contains a still larger number. The company was able to pay the purchase price of over $1,500,000 without making any levy upon its members, its surplus funds being sufficient for that purpose — a striking example of coöperative home-building.

THE ITALIAN OPPOSITION

I. SECEDES FROM PARLIAMENT



MUSSOLINI. There seems to be a quorum.
SECRETARY. For whist, Excellency? — *Il Travaso*

II. BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT DOES NOTHING ELSE

MUSSOLINI. It would be more interesting to do this with lions, but I must use what I've got. — *Il Travaso*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BATTLE OF AYACUCHO

BY GENERAL MANGIN

From *Revue de l'Amérique Latine, December*
(PARIS SOUTH-AMERICAN-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

[LAST month Peru celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Ayacucho, which practically decided the independence of the country. General Pershing represented the United States as a special ambassador. General Mangin, his comrade-in-arms in the World War, though he writes from Paris, speaks with special authority on matters South American because of his recent tour of that continent. His article has been somewhat abbreviated.]

IN 1921 Peru celebrated the centenary of the proclamation of her independence, paying due homage to the heroic memory of General San Martín, who came with his army from the Rio de la Plata to deliver the country from Spanish domination. But independence, affirmed by a parliament sitting in the capital after a defeat upon the field of battle, had not yet been definitely assured in the year 1821 and was dangerously menaced. Other Spanish possessions in South America had preceded Peru in the epic of emancipation, and had succeeded in establishing themselves as independent States: Venezuela in 1811; the Provinces of La Plata, later to be known as the Argentine, in 1816; and Chile in 1818. But even in these republics the work of liberation had no more been completed than it had been in Peru. Everywhere the war went on, bloody and desperate on each side, and the military triumphs of the Republicans were followed by defeats which left the whole conflict in doubt. . . .

The war against the foreigner was complicated by quarrels among the parties. Even before it was delivered from Spanish domination, Peru was falling into anarchy. The military hero who had traversed a continent conquering nature and the enemy forces could not fight against the demagogues squabbling at home, who undermined the authority of the Liberator, and brought disorder and discouragement even into the ranks of his hitherto faithful troops. He found it necessary to withdraw. Was it all to be done over again under worse conditions? No, for another Liberator appeared from the North to take up and finish the work of San Martín.

The movement of emancipation, — continental rather than merely local, — conceived and executed by San Martín, had started in the South on the banks of the Rio de la Plata, and had ended in victory at Lima. Another movement with the same character — that is to say, designed to render certain and effective the independence of all the Spanish colonies — had likewise started from the Colombian Republic in the North, and it too had Lima as objective. The emancipation of Spanish America was the result of this junction between North and South — the genius of San Martín and that of Bolivar.

From the beginning of the War of Independence Bolivar had understood the necessity of joint action by the Spanish-American Republics in bad fortune as well as in good fortune; for in 1812, as a young colonel in a beaten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shattered army, he addressed to the Congress of New Granada his Cartagena Manifesto — a masterpiece from both the military and the political standpoint — in which he asked the neighboring State for troops to win back Venezuela, which the Spaniards had reconquered. Before this task was wholly accomplished in June 1819, he renewed — though under less promising auspices — the exploit which San Martín had already accomplished in the South. He carried the war into another country, the country which had received him as a fugitive, and which was now in the most critical of situations. He crossed the Andes with a little army in the middle of the rainy season, when such an enterprise seemed madness faced by certain failure, overthrew the first astounded Spanish troops that he met, rallied the people of New Granada to his cause, recruited volunteers wherever he went, and on the seventh of August won a great victory at the bridge of Boyacá, and took the Royalist army prisoner. A few days later he entered the capital which the Viceroy had just abandoned. New Granada and Venezuela united in a single State, which took the name of Colombia, with Bolivar as President, in 1821. In the same year San Martín, the hero of the South, was Protector of Peru. In 1822 Bolivar extended the field of his operations as far as the equator, and became master of the Presidency of Quito. He was on the way to Peru. The two Liberators were drawing near. They met at Guayaquil.

What went on at that famous interview? Only conjecture is possible, for it took place without witnesses, and neither of the two chiefs ever made any confidences to anyone. The result was that San Martín resigned, and left Peru, and even South America, to set out for a voluntary exile in France, where he died at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1850. No doubt he would have taken this resolution even if the interview at Guayaquil had not taken place, so thoroughly was he overwhelmed by the rising tide of anarchy.

'I think,' he wrote, 'that all the power of the Supreme Being is not enough to save this unfortunate country. Bolivar alone, supported by force, is capable of carrying out the enterprise.'

The Spanish General Canterac recaptured Lima on June 18, 1823. The Peruvian Congress had begun by refusing Bolivar's offers; and now through their military incompetence, their discord, and the struggle of faction-leaders for power, the demagogues had ended by demoralizing the army and paving the way for a catastrophe that was all the more certain because the treasury was empty. In some districts the soldiers, under constant attack by the Royalists, were reduced to eating their horses and mules. When things were at their worst, the Peruvians begged Bolivar to come to their aid.

Meantime General Sucre, Bolivar's right-hand man, joined his forces to those of General Santa Cruz. The position of the Royalists having grown critical in the South, Canterac left Lima to reëstablish them, whereupon Sucre seized Lima July 17, 1823. Bolivar entered the city September 1. He found Peru in the grip of civil war, anarchy, famine, chaos, and dissolution. The partisans of the old régime were prepared to profit by the situation. With that rapidity which was one of his most characteristic traits, Bolivar produced the most astounding and unexpected changes. It seemed as though he drew his resources from nowhere. He reëstablished domestic order, reorganized the Government and all the public services, set up taxes, recruited and equipped Peruvian soldiers to increase his Colombia battalions, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fed the civil population, which was in the grip of famine. But his physical strength, already worn down by more than ten years of war, could not sustain such endeavors. He was compelled to retire to the country for a rest, and during his absence the Spanish, by a victorious offensive, seized Lima February 29, 1824. The Liberator, stricken with fever, was away. This time everything seemed lost, but within less than a month he was again at the head of his troops, prepared for a supreme effort.

On the sixth of August the two armies met at Junin. There was a battle in which cavalry played the principal rôle, which ended in the triumph of Bolivar's troops. But though the power and pride of the Spaniards had been touched deeply, the blow was not decisive, and the victory of Junin, honorable and even brilliant though it was, represented no more than a preface to the Battle of Ayacucho. The Liberator had been able neither to annihilate the enemy's army nor to force it to lay down its arms and yield.

But now the conqueror was obliged to entrust his army to other hands. From the time of his first triumphs when he was only President or Dictator of Venezuela, in spite of his victories and good administration — or perhaps because of them — he had not ceased to excite the animosity of the demagogues and the leaders who stirred up civil war. The opposition did not end in 1824, when, as President of Colombia and Dictator of Peru, he retrieved a desperate situation and was about to save all Spanish America from foreign domination. His enemies extended their activities, even to the Colombian Parliament, and eventually passed a law repealing the statute which conferred on him extraordinary powers and the command of the allied troops.

Ever a respecter of 'legality,' the Liberator obeyed. He entrusted to his friend and lieutenant, Antonio José de Sucre, the command of the faithful and heroic army which he had formed and disciplined, and which had followed him everywhere with unshakable faith, burning with the desire to win immortal glory under his orders and to ensure forever the independence of the Fatherland. He returned to the capital, visited the provinces, took energetic steps everywhere to maintain order, raised money to provide the troops with subsistence, munitions, and horses, gathered up hundreds of scattered veterans and recruited new soldiers, who went to swell the army of Sucre — with whom he kept in correspondence, giving instructions and orders, and watching over the dispositions which were to secure the success of the coming campaign. He awaited reinforcements from Colombia, which could not long delay, and in anticipation of this addition to the restricted number of the soldiers of liberty it was necessary to act discreetly if a disaster was to be averted. Impetuous though he was, the Liberator could, when circumstances demanded it, temporize, and he prudently counseled Sucre to moderate his ardors. Then he went on to the coast, where there were new perils to be dealt with.

The liberating army of Antonio José de Sucre passed the entire month of October in cantonment near Cuzco on the banks of the Apurimac River, where it effected reconnaissance and strategic movements with small detachments. The enemy's army was close at hand in the same region. The Viceroy, José de la Serna, Count of the Andes, who had taken over the supreme command, had concentrated all the forces at his disposal, totaling nearly ten thousand fighting men, and superior by three thousand to Sucre's forces. Sucre did not learn this until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the twenty-second of October, and had at first believed from such information as he could get that the enemy did not intend to advance. At the same time, however, the Viceroy led his army across the Apurimac, hoping to catch the Republican troops on the flank, force them out of their entrenchments, and drive them off toward the North. Sucre, however, concentrated his army along the Pachachaca, established himself in a strong position at Andahuaylas, and brought La Serna's plan to nothing. He had followed Bolivar's advice, though not without regret. The Viceroy, having failed to draw Sucre off to the North, turned around and tried to surprise the Republican army on the edge of the Pampas. On November 12 Sucre learned that the enemy was approaching Andahuaylas, where he was encamped. But the hour of victory had not yet sounded. From the fourteenth to the nineteenth of November Sucre's troops remained at Talavera, San Jeronimo, and Andahuaylas, while the enemy, after moving about on his right flank, turned toward Huamanga. Sucre decided to follow after him.

In his official report to the Minister of War on the Battle of Ayacucho Sucre sums up the movements and military incidents which took place between November 14 and December 8, and which were preliminary to the great victory. More than two months had elapsed during which he could only with the greatest difficulty restrain the impatient enthusiasm of his men. His communications having been cut, he camped at Eripa, while the Viceroy was only a little distance away at Concepción. On the twenty-fourth of November the enemy moved toward Vilcas-Huamán, while Sucre occupied the heights of Bombón until the thirtieth, at which date, learning that the enemy was approaching by night along the right bank of the Pampas to catch him on the flank, he moved to the right bank of the river, in order to protect his rear guard.

Arriving at Matara on the morning of December 2, Sucre found himself once more confronting the Royalist troops, who were in possession of the heights. The two armies had followed in their march lines so closely parallel that they had often been in sight of one another, each waiting for a chance to fight under the most favorable conditions, or manœuvring to avoid combat if its position were unfavorable. Although the position at Matara was unfavorable for Sucre, he felt so confident that he made ready for battle. The Royalists, however, did not show fight, and withdrew into the rocky country and inaccessible crevasses. On the next day the enemy, still massed on the summits, ventured an offensive movement which threatened to catch the Republican rear guard and make their position worse yet. The danger was so great, even for troops who, in their patriotic ardor, asked only to fight, that Sucre gave the order to continue the retreat in the direction of Tambo-Cangallo.

But the enemy understood his movement and his object. In order to reach this gully through the mountains and ravines, Sucre's army had to force its way through the narrow passage of Corpahuaico, a defile in which it would have been easy to annihilate so small an army. The advance guard and main body had already gone through, and the infantry of the rear guard was in the defile, when suddenly the battalions and squadrons of the enemy's advance guard appeared. There was a swift and terrible battle. The Republicans fought heroically and fiercely, making incredible efforts to force their way out, and succeeding, though not without loss of men and matériel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three hundred dead strewed the soil. Sucre had lost his trains and one of his two pieces of artillery, but, as he himself writes, 'this unfortunate combat gave Peru her liberty.' Indeed, it gave liberty not only to Peru but to all Spanish America, because a few days after the forcing of the passage the Battle of Ayacucho was to take place.

The Republicans emerged in the plain of Tambo-Cangallo, and the Spaniards, pursuing a parallel course, kept to the uplands on their right, avoiding a battle. As Sucre wrote, 'These operations made it clear that they wanted to manœuvre and not to fight. I feared such tactics, which were advantageous to the Spaniards, who knew that the strong point of their soldiers was in the heels and of ours in the hearts.'

On the fifth he received a letter from Bolivar, dated Chancay, November 26. Separated from his army, — his own army, which was so soon to win the war, — Bolivar remained the supreme chief who, in a vast and partly hostile land, watched over everything and foresaw and provided against every contingency. He commented upon the news that he had received from Sucre a few days before, and examined the possibility of a hostile march toward the Pacific coast.

Bolivar informed Sucre that he had collected 4500 well trained and equipped soldiers at various points along the coast, provided them with munitions, and prepared them for combat, and that he expected an expedition from the Isthmus which would amount to not less than another 4500 men, for whom he had already prepared horses, packs, and rations. Bolivar wrote: 'Your army must not come to the coast for any purpose, for the troops that I have under my own orders are more than sufficient to besiege Callao and defend the coast.'

Does it not seem obvious that the Liberator felt sure that if Sucre persevered in the tactics recommended he would end by annihilating the Royalist army? The day had come at length. In their parallel march the two armies had approached the plain where the final shock was to take place. Everything had been arranged in advance, for in case of a great defeat the misfortune would not be beyond repair. Even if the Republican army should be destroyed, Sucre and his generals taken prisoner or killed, Bolivar would remain with his prestige and his genius, with fresh troops on the coast in sufficient number to take the offensive, and fresh troops would be coming from Colombia.

The situation of the Royalists was quite different. Although they had other troops scattered about their territory, they possessed but one genuine army — that which for two months had faced the Republican forces. It was, moreover, commanded by the Viceroy in person, assisted by his best general officers. If it should be destroyed, if La Serna and his brilliant staff should be killed or made prisoners, it would be an irreparable disaster to the Royalist cause, and the cause of South American liberty would be gained.

The Viceroy felt sure of victory because from his position on the heights he dominated the enemy and possessed a line of retreat that permitted him to choose his time for joining battle. This reasoning, though all very well in theory, was far from applying to the facts in hand. The position on the heights, as M. Bulnes observes, compelled the Royalists to descend into the plain to give battle, and as there were no roads the descent was necessarily slow, and visible to Sucre's army, who could therefore attack the descending columns before they could form line of battle on the plain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The nature of the terrain chosen by La Serna, far from offering a line of orderly retreat, necessarily favored disorganization and dispersion in the rough country of the uplands.

The outposts of the two armies were so close that they could see each other by moonlight and could shout across from one camp to the other. There were moving scenes, which went on until the early hours of the morning. The War of Independence had lasted more than twelve years. If the Spanish Government had relied exclusively upon expeditionary forces sent from the capital to put down the revolt, they would have been defeated within a year; but, as all official documents of the period show, the war took on the character of a civil struggle. It became a fratricidal battle between the American partisans of independence and the American partisans of the old régime modified by a somewhat extended autonomy. The division cut across family ties, so that one saw fathers and young men fighting in one army while their sons and brothers were in the opposite camp. Men were in arms against their best friends. Yet the links of blood, affection, and mutual esteem persisted between these men, who were risking their lives with equal disinterestedness for different causes, and who, before they began to slaughter each other, desired to see one another again to exchange words and embraces. This is what happened at Ayacucho, where the officers and soldiers of the Spanish army were for the most part American-Creoles, Indians, and half-breeds.

A staff officer of the Republican army who took part in the battle writes: 'At nine o'clock in the morning the Royalist General Monet came toward our lines calling for the Republican General Cordova, and had a short talk with him. Many officers of the two armies united by ties of blood and friendship had the pleasure of seeing and embracing one another, and the members of families whose opinions conflicted, seeing one another after a long separation, shed abundant tears. After this pathetic scene each retired to his own camp.'

But suddenly these tender heroes became stern once more. The combat was about to begin. We need but translate the greater part of Sucre's report from which we have already borrowed: 'Our line formed an angle. The right was composed of the Bogotá, Light Infantry, Pichincha, and Caracas battalions, commanded by General Cordova; on the left the first, second, and third battalions of the Peruvian Legion under the distinguished General La Mar; in the centre, the Grenadiers and Colombian Hussars with the English General Miller; in reserve, the Rifle, Vencedor, and Vargas battalions, commanded by General Lara. The Spaniards dominated the little plain of Ayacucho with almost double forces, and felt certain of victory. Our position, though dominated from above, had its flanks protected by marshes, and the enemy cavalry could not manœuvre on its front in a uniform and complete manner. During most of the morning the firing was largely by the artillery and chasseurs. At ten o'clock the enemy emplaced five guns on the heights, and drew up their troops while I was inspecting our lines. I gave our troops the order to force the artillery position, and this was the signal for combat.

'The Spaniards brought down their columns swiftly, passing through the ravines on our left their Cantabria, Centre, Castro, First, and Imperial battalions, and their two squadrons of Hussars, together with a six-gun battery; but they were too eager with their attack at this point. At the centre

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they had formed their Burgos, Infante, Victoria, and Guias battalions, and the second battalion of the First Regiment, with their left flank resting on the squadrons of the Union, the San Carlos, four battalions of the Guard Grenadiers, and the five guns already in place, and on the heights on our left the battalions of the First and Second Gérone Regiments, the Second Imperial, the Ferandinos, and a squadron of the Viceroy's halberdiers.

'Observing that the masses in the centre were not yet in order, and that the attack on the left was doubtful, I ordered General Cordova to deliver a swift charge, protected by General Miller's cavalry, while at the same time I reënforced General La Mar with the Vencedor battalion and then with the Vargas. The Rifles still remained in reserve, ready to be brought into action when necessary, and General Lara brought up his troops at all points. The troops massed upon our right advanced until within a hundred paces of the enemy. There, charged by eight Spanish squadrons, they ceased fire. To drive off and shatter the enemy was the affair of a moment for our magnificent cavalry. The infantry imperturbably continued its charge, and everything yielded before it.

'The enemy, however, having penetrated our left, menaced General La Mar's right, and had forced its way between him and General Cordova with two massed battalions. These, however, were broken by the opportune arrival of the Vargas battalion and a brilliant charge of the Hussars of Junin delivered on the flank. The Vencedor battalion, the first, second, and third battalions, and the Peruvian Legion marched boldly against the enemy's right, which, gathered on the other side of the ravines, offered fresh resistance, until the forces on our left re-formed and charged. The rout was complete and absolute. General Cordova with his corps climbed the formidable heights of Cundurcunca, where he captured the Viceroy La Serna. General La Mar, in pursuit, took the difficult ravines on his flank, and General Lara, moving on the centre, assured success. General Cordova's corps, being worn out by the attack, received the order to retire. It was replaced by General Lara, who joined with General La Mar in the pursuit across the heights of Tambo. We had already made more than one thousand prisoners; we had taken forty pieces of artillery, 2500 rifles, various other articles of war; the enemy had been pursued and cut up in all directions, when General Canterac, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, accompanied by General La Mar, presented himself to me to arrange for surrender.

'Although the position of the enemy was such that I might have demanded unconditional surrender, I thought it worthy of American generosity to grant certain honors to those who for fourteen years have been victorious in Peru, and an agreement was reached on the field of battle the terms of which you will see in the adjoined treaty. Under its terms what remains of the Spanish army is surrendered, besides all the territory of Peru which they have occupied, all their garrisons, trains, military magazines, and the square of Callao with all its supplies.

'As a result, there are now in the power of the armies of liberty Generals La Serna and Canterac, Marshals Valdès, Carratalá, Monet, and Villalobos, Brigadier-Generals Bedoya, Ferraz, Camba, Somocursio, Cacho, Atero, Landázuri, Vigil, Pardo, and Tur, with sixteen colonels, sixty-eight lieutenant-colonels, 484 majors and other officers. In addition to this, there are 2000 enlisted men, a great quantity of rifles,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the transport, munitions, and the military supplies which they contained. Eight hundred dead and seven hundred wounded have been victims of Spanish boldness and obstinacy at the Battle of Ayacucho. Our loss is 310 dead and 600 wounded.'

After fourteen years of epic and merciless struggle, the two little armies — the Royalists had 9310 and the Independents 5780 — had in a few hours decided the fate of an empire. The achievement is unique in the history of mankind, but even to-day the figures are surprising.

'General,' wrote Sucre to Bolivar the day after the battle, 'the war is finished, and the liberty of Peru is won.'

THE TACTICS OF THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL

BY ALEXEI PILENCO

From *Revue Universelle, November* 15
(PARIS ROYALIST POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

[THE author of this article was formerly on the staff of the *Novoe Vremia*, the leading journal of St. Petersburg under the Tsarist régime. It represents the Conservative standpoint, but practically every statement is documented in the original by citations from Trotskii, Lenin, Stalin, and other Bolshevist writers. Space requirements have made it necessary to abbreviate or summarize several paragraphs.]

THE Second and the Third Internationals differ widely from each other in political tactics. The Second International inclines more and more to the opinion that Socialism will come through the spontaneous evolution of the capitalist system; the Third International insists that labor can be emancipated only by a revolution. . . .

Trotskii and Lenin reject as a fatal error all faith in democracy. The former writes: 'The road forks: either to the dictatorship of an imperialist clique or to the dictatorship of the proletariat. There is no middle road that leads to democracy. . . .' Since democracy will not bring Communism, the Third International logically rejects parliamentary methods. It regards parliaments merely as training schools, starting-points, 'to organize the proletariat for the fight outside of parliament.' Lenin's monomania for revolution made him distrust reforms on principle: 'A revolution may accept a reform in order to reënforce illegal action by legal action; in order to cover up its underground labor; in order to educate the people and prepare the overthrow of the bourgeoisie. But the principal object of the revolutionist is revolution and not reform. To him reform is merely a by-product of revolution.'

In what does a revolution consist? The theorists of the Third International answer this question explicitly. Lenin writes: 'The essential thing in a revolution is to seize power. The proletariat fights a revolution for the sole purpose of wresting from the bourgeoisie all political power, and ensuring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its own possession of that power thereafter.'

The struggle will not cease the day the proletariat gains its victory. That is but the beginning of revolution. For many reasons the bourgeoisie will still remain stronger than the proletariat that has overthrown it. Consequently, in order to consolidate its control, the proletariat must: (*a*) crush the resistance of the capitalists expropriated by the revolution, so that they can make no effort to recover their property; (*b*) gradually wipe out the classes; (*c*) form a revolutionary army entirely devoted to the new ideas. These things can be accomplished only through a dictatorship of the proletariat. A dictatorship of the proletariat, to put it briefly, is the complete domination of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, unlimited by law and enforced by violence. 'The dictatorship of the proletariat is opposed to democracy — that is, to the equality of all the citizens,' says Lenin. 'It is democracy confined to the proletariat, confined to the people without property.'

This signifies, first of all, that the bourgeoisie must be deprived of all political liberty. 'Naturally, in such a state of affairs we cannot consider liberty for all men. The dictatorship of the proletariat is irreconcilable with the liberty of the bourgeoisie. This dictatorship is necessary precisely in order to deprive the bourgeoisie of liberty, to tie it hand and foot, to deprive it of every possibility of political action. . . .'

The first step will be for the proletariat to seize all arms. That is the foundation stone of its dictatorship. Next it must seize the press, so as to render impossible any expression of opinion hostile to itself. 'We shall suppress the newspapers of the counter-revolution just as we shall destroy its fortifications, its depots, its communications, its secret service.' The proletariat will take away from the bourgeoisie all meeting-places, schools, and judicial positions. In a word: 'The State in the hands of a proletarian dictatorship must become a machine for crushing the bourgeoisie — that is, the enemies of the proletarian class.'

Therefore a dictatorship of the proletariat involves a permanent civil war. The Third International is based upon that idea. The masses must be trained for civil war. 'Revolution assumes insurrection. To talk of insurrection without making technical preparation for it is to waste words. The man who wants revolution must methodically prepare the masses for revolt, and with this in view must establish training centres, organization centres, and a liaison service for that object. . . .' Trotskii delivered two public lectures last year upon preparation for civil war, in which he enumerated with the greatest frankness the successive stages of the endless slaughter that this idea involves.

'We have fought a civil war, but we have not yet studied its forms scientifically.' He believed the officers and political leaders of the Soviet Government ought to prepare a manual of civil war, divided into three principal parts: (*a*) preparation for civil war; (*b*) conduct of civil war; (*c*) reaping the fruits of victory. The whole volume would form a strategy of civil war. Each chapter of this work would embrace several sections, each containing a number of paragraphs dealing with different tactical problems. In his lectures Trotskii dealt more fully with preparations for civil war than with the latter two divisions of his subject. He subdivided this first topic into several sections: (*a*) preparatory work in the bourgeois army; 'nine tenths of this work consisting in paralyzing the bourgeois army by local

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mutinies, and one tenth in preparing its units to serve in the proletarian army'; (*b*) setting the date of the insurrection, which should be done so as to deceive the adversary without misleading the proletariat; (*c*) organizing local Soviets and convening a Congress of all the Soviets 'as soon as the bourgeoisie, either through apathy or impotence, permits us to take this important step'; (*d*) forming combat cells in factories; (*e*) organizing partisan warfare in such a way that the revolutionary executive may promptly take command of these partisans 'as soon as their spontaneous and semi-anarchical activities become dangerous for the new proletarian State.'

Lenin, likewise, discusses in several of his works the methodical preparation for civil war, but has not gone beyond generalities. Here are some maxims from his writings: 'Never play with insurrection. When a revolt is started, it must be with the idea of continuing to the bitter end. When an insurrection has started, keep on the offensive at any cost. Defensive tactics spell the death of an insurrection.'

Lenin devoted his attention especially to the most propitious moment for beginning a civil war, and it is here that his skill as a dialectician shines. As an example let me quote this passage: 'A revolution cannot succeed until the bottom stratum of society will not, and the top stratum of society cannot, continue to live in the old way. In other words, a revolution is impossible without a national crisis. Consequently, in order to carry out a revolution, it is necessary in the first place that a majority of the working people be convinced of its necessity and be ready to die for it, and in the second place that the customary leaders of the people be involved in a governmental crisis that has dragged the politically backward masses into public affairs, so that the administration is enfeebled and may be easily overthrown.'

What are these crises that drag the politically backward masses into public affairs? The answer is: periods of war. A lost war produced the Paris Commune; a series of wars cost the Sultan of Turkey his throne; the war with Japan nearly overthrew the Romanovs. Every Government defeated in the World War had to pass through a revolution.

The visionary of the Kremlin was consistently logical to the end. Follow his reasoning. The proletariat must make a revolution. Anything that favors revolution benefits the proletariat. Great national crises are desirable because they facilitate civil war. The worse the crisis the better it suits the interests of the proletariat. International wars produce the most acute national crises. Therefore international wars afford the best opportunity to start civil wars. A proletariat that wants the end — that is, civil war — must want the means — that is, international war, for this favors its emancipation.

This may sound like madness. I limit myself to a single piece of evidence. The bourgeoisie is at the present time trying to prevent future wars. That effort expresses itself in the League of Nations. It is possible that the League of Nations will never prevent a single war, but we all recognize that its object is to promote peace. Now the Soviets are fighting bitterly the Covenant and the labors of the League of Nations. Why? Because they do not want peace. The more durable peace is, the less opportunity they have to provoke new civil commotions.

Communism has caught the contagion of the spirit of conquest. Lenin wrote: 'A victorious revolution in one country is under obligation to promote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and support revolutions in other countries. . . . The proletariat of every country should spring to the defense of a proletarian State and seek to extend it, in order to extend the basis of international revolution.' This theory leads the Third International logically into measures that would seem absurd to a man who did not know what lies at the bottom of that organization's policies.

For example, the Third International bitterly opposes coöperation among the classes, which is implicitly advocated by the Second International. Lenin constantly thundered against 'collaboration' — that is to say, any tactics that involve agreements, even of a temporary character, with representatives of the bourgeoisie. Moderate socialists are constantly reviled by the Bolsheviki because they are represented in the International Labor Bureau, on various arbitration and conciliation bodies, and in other agencies for preventing or settling industrial disputes. The only exception that Lenin allows is in case of war. 'In the same way that alliances between proletarian Governments and bourgeois Governments are quite permissible when directed against other bourgeois States, a similar opportunist policy may be followed in respect to alliances between the classes against other classes in case of war. . . .'

Prussian militarists talk of 'a merry war'; Mohammed preached 'a Holy War'; Trotskii leans on the Koran when he says: 'Proletarian Governments who make war on imperialist brigands are fighting a class war — a true Holy War.' A Prussian general, Gallwitz, made himself notorious many years ago by his theory of war 'humanized by excessive violence.' He meant that the more terrible the agencies of destruction employed by the belligerents, the shorter and therefore the more humane a war became. The Communists have adopted this theory without qualification: 'It is precisely the men who attach the highest value to human life who ought to strike hardest to destroy our enemies, for thus we shall accomplish our object with the least loss. . . . We must consider the dictatorship of the proletariat, — that is to say, the transition from capitalism to Communism, — not as a period marked by a rapid succession of radical revolutionary decrees, but as a period of incessant civil and foreign war.'

A few months ago the Third International held its Fifth World Congress at Moscow. *Pravda* published a special number on the eve of this Congress to welcome the delegates. Half of the first page of the issue was occupied by a cartoon that represented nothing but the points of bayonets. One did not see the soldiers themselves, but they were supposed to be marching below with only their death-dealing steel in sight. The next day the Soviet newspapers printed a portrait of Lenin surrounded by bombing planes and a portrait of Trotskii holding in his arms a huge cornucopia filled with poison gases destined for the bourgeoisie.

Since the Third International does not hesitate to employ any instruments of violence against the bourgeoisie, it logically supplements civil war by organized terrorism — that is to say, by violent measures against an enemy already reduced to impotence. Trotskii has devoted an entire volume of more than one hundred pages to a discussion of the theory of terrorism. An ordinary author would preface such a book with an apology for dealing at all with such a theme. Trotskii does apologize, but in a diametrically opposite way. The sentence is worth quoting entire: 'Our history during

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the last months has followed such a rigorously logical revolutionary course that the author of this book has asked himself if a volume on this theme was necessary—if revolutionary terrorism requires any theoretical justification.'

We are told in substance that there are two kinds of violence: first, the violence of the bourgeoisie against the proletariat, and second, the violence of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie. These two kinds of violence 'have nothing whatever in common.' The violence of the bourgeoisie is wicked, unjust, and above all ineffective. It is absurd because it merely strengthens the proletariat. On the other hand, the violence of the proletariat, although it sheds the blood of the innocent just as does the violence of the bourgeoisie, is not reactionary but revolutionary. . . . Lenin has expressed the same idea in his clear-cut way: 'Whatever benefits Communism is moral; whatever injures Communism is immoral.'

Trotskii says elsewhere: 'Tsarist terrorism was directed against the proletariat. The Tsar's police strangled the workers who were fighting for Socialism. Our Extraordinary Commissions shoot the great landlords, the capitalists, and the generals who are trying to restore capitalist rule. . . . For us Communists that is sufficient justification.' And elsewhere in this volume he says: 'So far as we are concerned, we have no time to waste over the drooling of preachers like Kautsky and vegetarian Quakers upon the sanctity of human life. We have always been revolutionists, and we remain so now that we are in power. In order to make human life sacred, we must first destroy the social system that crushes it. That cannot be done except by blood and iron.'

Neither the intellectuals nor the more conservative working classes who refuse to join the Communists are to be spared. 'We must crush the labor aristocrats with their narrow, selfish ideas.'

Furthermore, terrorism is of universal application. It is as necessary in Paris, New York, or London as in Moscow or Petrograd. 'Many people imagine that the cruel character of our civil war is due to the fact that Russia is Asiatic, that she has a backward civilization. Enemies of revolution in Western Europe are constantly repeating that Russia is the home of Asiatic Socialism, and that in highly civilized countries a revolution would not be accompanied by such atrocities. That is stupid nonsense. In a capitalist country the bourgeoisie will offer a still more obstinate resistance; the intellectuals will be still more loyal to capital and more hostile to Communism than in Russia. Consequently the civil war in those countries will inevitably be more violent and bloody than it was in Russia.'

Let me close this section of an article that is horrible against my will with one more quotation from Trotskii's book: 'The next revolt of the French proletariat will make the annals of the Paris Commune seem pale by comparison.'

This study would not be complete without noting, at least briefly, what the application of these theories is in France. *L'Humanité*, the organ of the French Communists, printed in its issue of October 12, apropos of the defeat of the Labor Government in Great Britain: 'The French proletariat will learn from what is occurring in England that the Communists were absolutely right in scoffing at the pipe dreams that accompanied MacDonald's rise to power. It is even more true for French workers than for their English comrades that there is no royal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

road to liberty through democracy, as the prophets of the *Bloc des Gauches* would have us believe. Only the Bolshevist platform — a ruthless fight to the finish against the bourgeoisie with every weapon we can seize — will bring us victory.'

The same day *L'Humanité* explained frankly the tactics its Party endorsed in discussing the recognition of the Soviet Government. These tactics likewise were a direct appeal to civil war: 'What must we do to force recognition? Hold meetings and manifestations? That would be empty stage-thunder. We shall get what we demand by force. We are an army of a million proletarians standing shoulder to shoulder with our Russian brethren. The day when this army rises and declares its will nothing can resist it.'

How are the Communists to prepare for civil war in France? That country is at present 'in the stage of latent preparation'; which means, according to Trotskii's manual, that the present task is (*a*) to organize Soviets, (*b*) to train units of the Red Army, and (*c*) to weaken in every way possible the existing army.

Just now the Soviets are busy organizing in France Communist cells, of which there is to be one in each industrial and commercial establishment. [According to a map printed not long ago in *Die Rote Fahne*, the Communist organ of Berlin, there appear to be 362 such cells in the United States. — EDITOR] These Communist cells are supposed to include in each establishment the most resolute and energetic Communists — men qualified to lead future strikes. This work of organization has been only recently begun, and its results are not yet important. When a network of cells covers a majority of the industrial establishments in a specified district, the presidents of these cells will form *ex officio* the Soviet of Paris, of Marseille, and so on. The next step will be to convene a Congress of the Soviets of all France.

The scheme of organization for the future Red Army in France seems up to the present to be merely in the drafting-stage; and it is being prepared in secret. For example, in *L'Humanité* of the fourteenth of last October the following statement appeared, printed in reply to several requests for instructions as to the best way to form 'Workers' Centuries': 'We cannot answer these questions here. We believe, however, that the subject should be discussed in the cells and that comrades will find specific directions to guide them in Lenin's works. Our experience during the German Revolution has also produced a valuable documentary literature containing criticisms of our organization and our method of employing proletarian combat formations in that agitation, which will assist us in a large measure to overcome certain obstacles and to avoid certain tactical blunders in future uprisings. Our comrades should refer to those sources for an answer to their questions.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AWAKENING AFRICA

BY R. ST. BARBE BAKER

From the *English Review, November*
(London Conservative Monthly)

[Mr. Baker was until recently Conservator of Forests, Kenya Colony. He is also founder and Chief of the African Forest Scouts, a very interesting native organization to which reference is made in the article.]

The future of Africa lies with the African, and this more particularly applies to the Central and Equatorial zone. With the exception of the Highlands surrounded by the mountain groups of Kenya, Kilimanjaro, and Elgon, little of this is suited for white settlement. I think I am right in saying that the policy of the British Government must be very strongly opposed to encouraging projects which have for their object the creation of European-owned and -managed plantations to replace agricultural industries which are already in existence or which are capable of being developed by the Africans themselves. I do not wish to minimize the value of some of the larger economic wants created, or the good habits formed, under a conscientious European employer. There is no reason why every British homestead should not become a school, both mental and technical, with mutual benefit to the settler and his African employees. This is well shown by the progress which has been made by the tribes among whom European settlement has taken place. But with the exception of the Highland area before mentioned, little of the whole territory is suitable for permanent white settlement. I would rather regard Central and East Africa as a whole in an endeavor to produce a constructive policy which must utilize the energies of all tribes and classes in building a strong and healthy community.

The record of British rule in Africa has not been altogether faultless, and although on the whole its advantages to African life have outweighed the disadvantages, the Government has often been unwise and ineffective. Colonial Governments, generally speaking, suffer from lack of imagination. They do not willfully inflict wrong, nor are they consciously neglectful; the harm perpetrated is merely the result of ignorance of local conditions.

Africa is at last awakening from an age-long inertia, and there is a slow but sure movement in which one can already recognize the beginnings of a race-consciousness among millions of people who have up till now been regarded as the most backward of mankind. It is a fact that these peoples — cut off from the rest of the world — have evolved a social system and moral code which are more or less suited to their requirements. The tendency with us has been to regard them all as savages because their attitude toward life has differed from our own. We have pitied them and endeavored to impose upon them our civilization, never stopping to consider whether it is suited to their own environment or would make life the happier for them. Their territories have been invaded first by the explorer, then by the trader and the missionary, followed in rapid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succession by the administrator and the settler. Whether we have been welcome or not, we were often uninvited. We have taken upon ourselves gratuitously responsibilities which we like to term 'the white man's burden.'

All this has been accomplished so quickly that we have not had time to learn the African point of view, and just as we were flattering ourselves that with our advent intertribal warfare had vanished, the European war obtruded itself into the heart of Africa and showed the Africans that what they had before regarded as war was, in comparison, merely child's play. If we stop to think seriously, and take the war factor into consideration, we shall find it difficult to decide whether from the African point of view the advantages of our presence have up to the present outweighed the disadvantages. It is difficult to estimate the damage to European prestige resulting from the last war, in which many thousands of Africans were hurled against each other without rime or reason. The exigencies of warfare necessitated the recruiting of carriers from the Highlands, who were taken from their natural haunts and transplanted hundreds of miles away into low-lying lands for which they were constitutionally unfit. Again, soldiers were recruited from the tropical coast and subjected to wintry weather in the Highlands. Both mistakes caused colossal loss of man-power.

If the war had to be, so far as Europe was concerned, by all possible means it should have been kept out of Africa. However, what has happened has happened, and we must in consequence face profound and disturbing changes. No one can tell what the outcome may be. The fact is that Africa is awakening — but to what? The present is tense with expectancy. Some of us who have taken pains to study the African point of view realize the tremendous dangers with which the present wonderful opportunities are necessarily fraught. Recent events have speeded up the superficial evolution of Africa in an abnormal way, and conditions which took us hundreds of years to reach will come to them in as many decades. It is true that much of this is merely superficial, for side by side with the invasion of modern civilization old tribal customs and beliefs still hold sway. The motor-car and telephone cannot be said to have usurped the authority of the witch doctor, and the great bulk of the population still remains illiterate and is therefore an easy prey to a few semieducated students.

The war has taught the African the secret of organization, and it is only necessary to witness one of the larger N'gomas, or dances, which are held regularly every Sunday night in such towns as Mombasa, to realize this to the full. To the stranger his first view is indeed an impressive sight. Just before five o'clock in the evening thousands of people begin to arrive from all quarters of the city, led by their captains, and finally assemble on a large open place where a huge crowd of spectators have gathered. Numerous companies arrive strictly on time, and are under the complete control of their leaders. Each company may be characteristically dressed, and since the war old regimental uniforms have been used, each company representing either a regiment or a clan.

Before they take part in the big performance the companies have been drilled separately earlier in the afternoon in their own quarters. Apart from the regiments and clans, many form tableaux and employ most ingenious disguises. On one occasion they will camouflage themselves with branches of trees and masquerade as forests, and the spectator literally sees 'men as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trees walking.' Another tableau may surround a huge model of a destroyer or battleship. This is built up upon trolleys and propelled by dozens of men who are hidden under the painted canvas. The captain is on the bridge controlling a miniature battle, and artificial flames spurt out from the drainpipe guns. Later on a rival fleet may be seen approaching in the opposite direction, and a mock battle will ensue, which generally ends in one or both of the fleets going up in flames.

There is no limit to the ingenuity employed on these occasions; but what impresses an onlooker more than anything else is the splendid staff work of the men controlling things behind the scenes. All this wonderful staff work could be easily exploited, and it would not be a difficult task to enlist the aid of the leaders and find here a ready-made army, drilled, disciplined, and all but equipped for war.

Those who have watched these gatherings in their thousands must be led to ask the question, 'To what end is all this? Is it merely a form of amusement, or is there some ulterior motive known only to a few fanatical leaders whose goal is at present secret?'

The African is very susceptible to personal influence, but merely tolerant of the conventional treatment too often meted out to him by the white man. The truth is that the events of recent years have tended to bring home to the African the sense of power. He has become a living factor, and old methods of administration will no longer suffice. From out of the aftermath of war has arisen a new order of things. The awakening to which I have previously referred will undoubtedly tend toward the growth of ideas which must logically end in the rebirth of a nation.

Little is known to the European of the ancient history of Central Africa, and even now this is revealed only to those who have been received by the inner circle of the Council of Elders. This ancient intertribal institution is the sole guardian of the history of the past, which has been handed down by word of mouth through its members. It represents the combined intelligence of the native Africans.

My own experience has tended to convince me that all the Central tribes have a common origin, with common traditions and common ideals. Some romanticists might consider that this was due to the preaching or teaching of Prester John. In the past it would appear that there had been a Central Kingdom to which the whole owed allegiance. They look back upon a golden age and gain inspiration from it which must influence their attitude toward the future. The presence of the white man in their midst they regard as transitory, although their witch doctors and medicine men prophesied the coming of strangers and counseled the multitude to 'listen well to their words, for they are a wise people and will bring you good.' These prophecies were uttered by the seers, whose descendants the white man is trying to discredit. There is a profound belief in the ultimate return of a glorious age, and those of the people who have regard to the ancient prophecies referring to the coming of the white man believe that the British are the chosen instrument.

Never has there been such an opportunity as presents itself to-day to the administrators in our African colonies to turn to account the goodwill of the tribes for whom they are responsible. The first impressions of the British were good. Our early pioneers were there rather to impress than to exploit; they represented a great, rich kingdom over the seas, of which her subjects were proud to be part.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have avoided direct reference to religious matters, but I am far from underestimating the value of the various Christian missions and of the work they have done among the African tribes. I wish, however, to deal with material rather than spiritual advancement, and it will be admitted that the two do not necessarily go hand in hand. Leaving apart the moral and ethical points of view, it may be doubted whether an alien people can greatly influence the mentality of a lower race until such time as they have shown that their methods result in a higher degree of bodily comfort. This may sound cynical, but it is not so in reality. A little thought will show that it is a harmful iconoclasm to destroy or weaken the beliefs of a people in the faith of their ancestors before they have been educated up to a point at which they can fairly be expected to accept a creed demanding a higher standard of intelligence than is required by most of the ancient rituals. A great ideal does of necessity require to be approached by gradual stages, and while human and animal natures remain as they are at present it is more effective to produce material benefits in the first place and to explain at a later stage how the practical advance has been guided by the spiritual. The material policy of Great Britain has always been governed by this principle, and although it cannot be claimed that the lion and the lamb can safely be left unguarded in the same enclosure, we can say with truth that no other nation and no other policy have yet succeeded so well in guiding the destinies of peoples who now live side by side in amity, although naturally hostile to each other in view of their different religions and traditions.

We have in East and Central Africa a territory of vast extent, full of natural resources and comparatively sparsely inhabited by a number of races and communities in a low stage of civilization. The progress made by the different tribes varies in accordance with the treatment that they have received at the hands of the intruders. Taught by Nature to be wary of that which they do not understand, the aborigines of any country cannot but hesitate before accepting the manners and methods of those who seek to alter their whole outlook. It may be conceded that such acceptance does usually lead to an increased degree of material prosperity, but it has too often happened that the consequence of white colonization has been the demoralization of the native, who is called upon to pass in a few years through the stages which the ancestors of his tutors had spent many generations in mastering. The rapid methods of thought, travel, and communication which are now necessities in the West cannot be safely planted as a ready-made whole on a comparatively primitive population.

It is even open to argument whether the vaunted privileges of the higher civilization are in themselves sufficient to justify the replacement of simplicity by complexity, or the substitution of hurry and bustle for the régime of passive content; but these things must come whether we will it or no, and the least we can do is to use our best endeavor to see that those whom we have made dependent upon us for their advancement are successfully prepared to meet the oncoming waves of progress.

Before our advent the races and tribes of Africa were separate entities, each with its own laws and hereditary customs. On this structure we have of necessity superimposed a common law, and our endeavor is now to encourage a common respect for this law and for those who live under it, irrespective of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tribe or district. Appeals to justice, as represented by law, now take the place of the former elementary appeals to force of arms, and tribal councils settle in conference matters which in former days would have involved fierce conflict and much bloodshed. Inter-tribal distrust and suspicion cannot, however, be overcome by such methods alone, and to combat this effectively it is necessary to provide some absorbing distraction in which the rivalry of the past may find friendly vent without reviving the embers of ancient feuds.

Our own country and the rest of the so-called civilized world find this in international games and the like, but such games are themselves a product of an advanced civilization, and do not readily provide a common meeting-ground for peoples to whom they are unfamiliar. The appeal must be to the imagination in the first instance at least, and it was with this idea that the Forest Scout Movement in East Africa was inaugurated, which recognizes no distinction of class, tribe, or origin, and has for its main object the encouragement of friendly relations among all dwellers in tropical Africa. The uneducated must be shown a definite object before they can be expected to devote themselves to any purpose, and the accredited and ostensible duty of the Forest Scouts is to guard and protect their native woods and trees, and to ensure that whenever a tree is cut down or destroyed a new one is planted in its stead. This idea is sufficiently valuable in itself, but beneath it lie the foundations of a much wider ideal, embodying the gradual uplifting of the public mind to the standards which are set for our own Boy Scouts, and leading ultimately to the high level of citizenship which is essential to the well-being of an Empire comprehensive of nearly every nationality on earth.

Judged from our point of view, the Africans of whom I write present a very curious mingling of qualities both good and bad, but unhappily it must be admitted that hitherto contact with the white man has too often tended more to develop the weak points than to strengthen the good points of their character. Physically brave, but mentally fearful, they are easy to lead but hard to drive as they tread the unknown, unless placed under the immediate guidance of one whom they trust. Self-indulgent by custom, habit, and the nature of their surroundings, they are liable to hanker after the fleshpots rather than the higher things of civilization. Moral through fear of tribal customs and use, they are prone to be anything but moral when brought under the comparatively mild jurisdiction of Western law. Physically well-built and powerful, they — in common with most tropical and semi-tropical races — have little stamina and succumb easily to epidemics which we might consider slight. Superstitious and credulous, but eager to learn and quick to understand, they are readily imbued with a wish to advance, though their instability of temperament often causes them to lose interest before the goal is reached. With vivid imagination as regards things supernatural, they are slow to visualize the possibilities of material change, and reforms can come about only by ocular demonstration of improved results. Naturally slovenly and idle, they can be made to improve their condition only by having the consequences of steady and systematized labor brought directly before them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT A GOLD COAST MARKET

BY THEODORE RUETE

From the *Empire Review, November*
(London Public-Affairs Monthly)

In the days of the merchant adventurers the coins minted from the gold brought from the territories clustering around the Gulf of Guinea were styled 'guineas'; and they thus became as famous throughout the world as the Gold Coast itself. These latitudes were one of civilized man's earliest discoveries; yet only recently have they begun to make any material advance from the primitive state in which they lay when Henry the Navigator first went sailing down their sunny coasts. The fierce sun, the torrential rains, the madly rank vegetation, the terrifying hurricanes, and the eerie loneliness of these endless winding creeks, or forests filled with terrors, and flesh-tearing, hindering undergrowth, all have their part in vaguely depressing humanity — white or black.

But to see this region still in its primeval state, one should journey thither soon — ere it has changed under the white man's restless hand. For, nowadays, the silence of those sinister reaches is increasingly being broken by the 'chug, chug' of smoke-vomiting 'devil-boats,' as the natives style the European's steam-launches, and down the centre of new, lengthy cuttings, shorn clear through the pathless forests, the linking-up lines of the telegraph wires are marching continuously.

At distant intervals, on islands of firm ground in these seas of mud, stand the white man's trading-stations. 'Factories' they are called, though all they manufacture are oil-puncheons. The natives eagerly buy imported rice from these places, but chiefly they live upon the fish teeming in their creeks and rivers. Unlike the native, the white man cannot eat all the finny kind. So his black cook tests the fishes' noses before making a purchase, accepting the hard-nosed, but rejecting the soft-nosed sorts as unfit for his master's use. The river soles of 'Bonny' are deservedly famous, however, while the mangrove fish, a kind of gigantic perch, and a common whitefish of the fresh-water reaches are distinctly palatable.

In the waterside villages whole families do nothing else but fish. A plentiful variety of sprat is sun-dried on little racket-shaped wooden frames, and sold in large quantities in the markets of the interior, where folk cannot get fish and consequently much esteem it. But the people's fish diet also is supplemented by bananas, potato-like yams, the *fufoo* of tapioca roots, maize, and palm-kernels, moistened and enriched with the soup of freshly made palm-oil. A large handkerchief of 'Manchester' twisted round the black man's loins serves him for clothing, a frail, palm-thatched hut does duty for his dwelling, and thus unsophisticated these tribes live out their allotted span hardly raised above the level of the brutes that perish.

Yet a closer acquaintance reveals that humanity common to all children of Adam. Nothing teaches this so clearly as attendance at their up-country markets. These constitute at once their trading-centres and resorts for social intercourse, and here momentarily are laid aside all the artificialities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and restraints which these people unconsciously assume through intercourse with the white man.

The markets of any of these districts are visited on appointed days, in strict rotation, by the women and girls, who do the bulk of the trading. Some of them are approached by the narrow paths that tortuously thread all parts of the universal bush. Elsewhere the creeks are the means of communication.

By Christmas time, traveling here becomes both pleasant and possible for the white man. Accordingly one bright morning in the dry season finds 'Frypan' and 'Bottle-of-Beer' steadily, tirelessly paddling my canoe up one of these winding creeks, whose banks are lined with impenetrable masses of the screw-pine plant. Actually, we are following to market a fleet of flat-bottomed, tree-hollowed craft some distance ahead, and the chatter and laughter of the female crews float pleasantly down to us.

At length, just as we have overhauled the canoes, a point is reached where the banks shelve away from the water, to meet a bush path running down from the interior. Here we land, the women add their quota to the general din, the produce is unloaded from the seemingly crazy vessels, and preparations are made for the long tramp across country. In West Africa *genus homo* is the only beast of burden, so the packages are variously disposed about the persons of men, women, and even children. Here as elsewhere boys will be boys, and the young imps would any day rather romp than soberly work. So no sooner have some of them sprung from their mothers' sides on to the strand than they fall to wrestling vigorously.

Our Indian file moves off up the hill, the women shouting laughing reproofs and last instructions to their wriggling young hopefuls. Sturdily erect trudge these sable, deep-bosomed ladies, the greater part of whose lives is spent in steadily tramping thus. To any suggestion that theirs was a hard lot they would answer: 'From the birth of man it has been so, and not otherwise, and who but a fool would question the things to which he is born!' All carry loads on their heads, from the roguish-eyed, pearly-toothed, naked young damsel that can only just toddle, to the withered, aged grandmother; but the swelling muscles of their calves and necks make light of the heavily weighted trays.

Since every available female from the respective households of our village is on the trek, king baby too has to be brought along. Seated astride his mother's hip, he seems happy enough, his little head, clean-shaven save for a tiny tuft of wool on its crown, peeping wonderingly out from the voluminous wrappings around his parent's waist.

As the higher ground with its more open country is reached, to right and left of us other lines of heads appear, bobbing up and down with their owners' motion through the breast-high grass and bush. At various points these trains melt into our own, for everyone is bound for the selfsame market, whose special day it is.

Trading at these markets is mostly by barter. Currency varies and is often very quaint, brass rods of different lengths and thicknesses, cowrie shells, sealed bottles of Hollands gin, all changing hands. But the true native money consists of a miniature horseshoe of alloy, of about a fifth of a pound weight, called a *manilla*. It is valued at a little less than our penny; so it will be seen that anyone wishing to buy anything of value with manillas needs must have 'some' purse. But nickel coins with a hole drilled through the centre, so that these folk, who possess no pockets and few clothes, may string their money round their neck, have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been introduced of recent years by the British administration. They are coined by the Royal Mint in London, and are slowly making headway.

Marching as we now are between confining walls of high bush is terribly hot work. One's clothes and skin soon get clammy, and down the natives' almost naked bodies runs the perspiration in never-ending rills. But the cheerful mammies do not seem to feel at all uncomfortable, and shrilly, unceasingly, shout rough jest or tale of scandal along their sinuous line. At length the path swings into a grove, and widens into an open space, o'ershadowed with larger trees. Three ways meet in this natural clearing, and here stand several spirits' shrines, clear indications that our destination must now be close at hand. For the natives too believe their dead are 'not lost, but gone before,' and that the spirits, constantly hovering about them, will be angry and revengeful if neglected. Accordingly, at points where their ancestors frequently would have had to pass when living, such as the crossroads nearest to a village, they wisely provide small, rudely fenced, palm-thatched enclosures, supplied with food and drink in platters and cups, for use by the souls of the departed. Here we halt briefly.

From the gloom of one of the paths a few men now drift out into the light, and at sight of the green gin-cases on the heads of the foremost three our resting mammies are reminded of the need of pressing marketwards, and our train resumes its march once more.

The African native is not yet much of a manufacturer, so he avails himself of every container Europe kindly sends him. Tins, jars, or pots of all sorts and sizes are carefully treasured, and smooth, machine-made boxes, their wood, and above all their nails, are greatly prized and pressed into the most unexpected uses. Those much-traveled gin-cases, for instance, now have their sides neatly carved in geometrical designs, and their native-wrought iron hinges and hasps testify that they have at last been converted into compendious packs. The cheap perfumes, gay beads, bright combs, and gaudy, imitation-silk handkerchiefs peddled by these young men are just as alluring to feminine hearts here as would be similar gewgaws at a January sale to those of their country-bred white sisters at home.

In accordance with custom's iron yoke, which demands that each type in Africa's social scale shall trade only in certain articles and never in others, we may be sure that that solemn, wicked-looking old boy with the staff, like the few other elderly marketmen, is bringing powder and shot, tobacco-leaf, snuff-making materials, pigments, and suchlike wares in the gin-case which he is balancing cleverly on his shiny, hairless brown dome.

With renewed chatter, the human crocodile — as the African, apt at similes, calls such a train as ours — moves on once more; but soon, above its clamor, a steady, insistent hum makes itself heard. The volume of it swells with our advance, till, as we turn into the market-place at last, it bursts deafeningly upon us with a surf-like roar.

These country market places are sandy, bush-surrounded clearings, dotted with spreading forest giants. They are always kept clean and free from weeds. The sellers range themselves in long lines across the market square, according to their wares, and our folk, quickly finding their accustomed places, set out their goods on screw-pine mats in front of them. With their traylike baskets settled between their backs and those of the adjacent lane, they squat down into position, and now are ready for the fray.

And 'fray' it really is for them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modesty and meekness have no place here; the most brazen are the most successful, and bargains are driven by the power of a woman's lungs, eyes, gestures — aye, and even fists. No need for the onlooker to understand the spoken word; if he will only watch some woman displaying a prize to her crony, he will see her animated facial expression positively shrieking, —

'And, me dear, I only giv' a shillin' for 'ut!'

At these markets, especially the larger ones, there are always a number of strangers from distant parts. On such the scars and tattooing-marks are differently disposed from those of the local Ibibios. Indeed, each part of the country has its own peculiar disfigurement, and an experienced observer can tell with fair accuracy whence a native hails by the arrangement and nature of the wales with which he or she is adorned.

The village adjoining this market happens to be a well-known, fussy little place, so 'Idiong' men naturally are present in fairly large numbers. They take no part in the trading, but stand importantly aloof, smoking rank tobacco out of long churchwardens, and discussing matters with airs of portentous solemnity. While Freemasonry exists with us at home let us not scoff at these members of one of the West Coast's numerous secret societies, even though their blood-painted, smoke-dried, skin head-ring, filled with all kinds of unsavory materials, is rather more gruesome than the insignia of most of our own lodges. Those dusky 'knuts,' too, strutting about in long chief's shirts and skirts of multi-colored 'Manchester,' should not be judged too hardly for ogling and criticizing the women. Are we free of the breed at home?

One of the ladies, complacently accepting the attentions of these gentlemen, is an oiled, corpulent young Venus, a bride-to-be, just out of the village fattening-pen. Her only clothes are a very broad smile and a ridiculous girdle of toy bells, which, jangling at her every movement, call upon all to witness the wealth of that bridegroom who thus can nourish his future spouse. Forgotten by the girl in her momentary triumph is the dark, windowless cubby-hole, only large enough for a bunk of reeds, where for the past six weeks she has been stuffed, day and night, with fattening foods by the old hag retained for that purpose by the groom. In her joy at the glances of female jealousy her opulent charms now are evoking she has overlooked the well-known fact that so soon as married she will have to slave and cook, not for herself but for her lord and master, as well as bear his children, his unreasonable whims, and his numberless adulteries.

With proud, almost insolent mien, however, Fatima slowly progresses around the square, presently halting to speak to another buxom young female. Even in Europe, art has been known sometimes to lend its aid to enhance Nature's charms, but here the tattooer, not the dressmaker, evidently has been busy. A string of neck-beads is this lady's only tangible article of attire, but her body is covered, from instep to chin, with the most intricate pattern in a fast, dark-blue dye. All effect of nakedness thus is absent from the person of this poor slave of fashion, who looks exactly as though clad in a suit of spangled tights. The scheme certainly is most effective.

As I gaze on the women in wonder, a youth passing at that moment leers horribly at the pair. Oh, that sharklike mouth — each front tooth in the lad's upper jaw has been filed to a sharp point! Involuntarily one thinks of cannibals, and remembers with an unpleasant thrill that all these tribes used

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not so very long ago to practise human sacrifice and eat their victims.

Everyone is busy with his own affairs, and, unnoticed in the bustle, I am able to slip quietly away. Such a chance to have a peep at this folk's grim old god, in the grove hard by, is far too tempting to resist, and as I indulge my curiosity I recall that in parts removed from Government centres efforts still are made at times to revive the ancient rites. Ju-ju worship is almost over now, but here and there throughout the land specimens of the old deities, their dread glory gone, still are to be found.

I had been told that, at the far end of this village, in a dark hut with unusually low walls and steep-pointed roof of palm-leaf thatch, such an one is hiding his diminished head. Ah — h! — there he is!

God, we are told, made man in His own image, but the African, in fashioning a god, invariably imitated a man, and painted the life-size image black, the only human color he knew in days gone by. Power and revengeful ferocity being also the only divine attributes these savages could imagine, they tried their best to make this god's countenance express them, and barely distinguishable in that old hut, in the grove's dim light, its hideousness was truly revolting and terrifying. It was not difficult to conjure up once more the scene that place, now so silent, oft must have witnessed in days gone by. Then, the god's dread summons to his audience chamber would call forth the submissive obedience that centuries had formed, and this would be reënforced by all the dreadful fascination of the deity's gory rites. The priests, however, also supported their pretended omniscience by an elaborate system of spying, and fear of abstention's consequences would effectively bring forth all the people.

These, standing around in blackest night, in that sacrificial grove, would then have their terrors wrought upon by the eerie suspense and the frenzied throbbing of the neighboring tom-toms. But see! up there, through those tall trees, now peers the ghostly African full moon, shedding an air of unreality on all around. Nothing less than pagan genius craftily disposed those 'highlight' patches of white paint on the black countenance of the god, whose features, under the leaves' flickering shadow-play, actually work and grin with devilish animation.

A gasp of horror now runs through the trembling crowd as the shrieking victim is snatched from their ranks by the Ju-ju's helpers and bound by his head to the bent sapling fixed firmly in the ground before the image. Over the assembly creeps an expectant hush; the very trees are momentarily still, as though Mother Nature is watching what her poor benighted children are about to do.

Suddenly, swift and sharp is the machete's sweep, and the man's head, severed from his body, is borne aloft by the rebounding sapling — another dripping tribute to the god. But the villagers, with a demented roar, fling themselves upon the headless corpse. Men, women, boys, even gentle young girls, all blood-besotted, crazed, hack from it pieces which they —

A cold touch on my hand, and I am startled out of the grisly trance by my terrier which has followed me.

'Hello, Jock! so you found me, eh?' I exclaim with relief that the spell is broken; and talking to my faithful friend, I make my way out of the noisome grove.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PITSO

BY J. E. CHABLE

From *Journal de Genève, October* 17
(Swiss Liberal-Democratic Daily)

Basutoland is an autonomous Negro protectorate enclosed within the South African territories, and the culminating ceremony of its political life is a *pitso*. This is a grand tribal assembly convoked for a great occasion. The last pitso was held in honor of Lord Athlone, the Governor-General of South Africa, and Mr. Thomas, the Colonial Secretary in the Labor Cabinet, during the recent visit of the latter gentleman to the Union.

South Africa is a dry country — in the climatic sense — most of the year, and it has not rained here for five months. There are clouds, to be sure, but they are clouds of dust. The flocks that form the natives' principal wealth apparently graze on sand and pebbles, for little else is visible.

But it is September, — springtime in South Africa, — and as we gallop toward Maseru, where the pitso is to be held, we pass through native villages aglow with peach blossoms and golden with mimosas. Little groups of blacks hasten along the trails from all directions toward the great gathering. Many are afoot, but the majority are on horseback. We meet groups of men wrapped in jackal-hides — big athletic fellows, magnificently proportioned, with glittering copper bracelets on their arms. Now and then groups of warriors, intoxicated with the native beer, charge past like the wind on their agile little ponies. They carry primitive arms, spears, war clubs, and rawhide shields, and wear helmets or caps of jackal- or lion-skin adorned with vulture-feathers and wildcat tails. Some of these headdresses are a yard in height. As they pass us the warriors wave their arms, spur their ponies, and raise their melancholy war cry — *oh-oh-ohohoh* — in a run of minor notes. The cliffs reëcho these battle cries today as they did a century ago in the ancient wars with cannibal enemies.

Medicine men can be recognized by their weird accoutrement. They wear headdresses made of the feathers of sacred birds, skin garments supposed to possess magic qualities, necklaces of the finger-bones of monkeys which they use for casting lots, and amulets and talismans regarded with awe by their primitive fellow tribesmen. As we draw near the assembly place we meet cavalcades of three or four hundred horsemen led by chiefs in eccentric uniforms, and feel much diminished in the presence of so much gorgeous, albeit savage, magnificence.

Nearly forty thousand natives have gathered around two platforms — one reserved for the Governor-General and his party of three hundred whites, and the other for the native king and his court. Formal presentations have been made with impressive ceremonies. His Excellency the Governor and his suite ascend their platform escorted by several thousand mounted natives and armed policemen. They afford a dazzling vision of red and gold; and the gorgeous uniforms of the Governor and his officials, with their jeweled orders and gold cordons, scintillate and sparkle in the brilliant sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A number of official speeches are read, the Governor assures the natives that Britain will continue to be their faithful protector in the future as she has been in the past, and the native chiefs reaffirm their loyalty. The first of these to speak is Griffith, the Paramount Chief, grandson of the great Moshesh. Then comes old Jonathan Molapo, more than ninety years old, followed by Motsuene, the fattest man I ever saw, a real martyr to obesity, weighing I know not how many hundredweight. That dignitary, who has a veritable harem locked up at home, once made a trip to London, where he ordered a suit of clothes from a fashionable Bond Street tailor. The trousers of this suit, which were displayed in the show window of the establishment, were a ten days' marvel to the British public.

At the end of each speech forty thousand natives shout in unison *Kotso*, which means peace, and *Pula*, which means rain — the two greatest blessings that the country knows.

Mr. Thomas assures his hearers that the King takes the greatest personal interest in the welfare of his protectorate, and that even though it lies many thousand miles distant from his palace he keeps it constantly in his thoughts.

Later in the day a session of the national parliament is held, at which the Governor, his wife Princess Alice, and Mr. Thomas are present. This body is composed of several hundred native deputies, some of whom are in full dress and others barefoot. The Basutos, who are blessed with a great talent for oratory, debate at great length the affairs of their country — so far as England leaves them jurisdiction.

The following day their Excellencies receive at a garden party in the gardens of the British Commissioner's residence. They also visit the lepers' colony. It is pathetic to see the three hundred lepers dance with joy on their mutilated limbs upon learning that the Governor has ordered three steers killed to commemorate his visit.

For several nights the whole countryside resounds with the songs of the warriors dancing around their camp fires. They are fed for two days by the Government, which kills several hundred cattle and distributes several thousand tons of food to them.

Such ceremonies as this are of the utmost assistance in ruling the native races, for they permit the blacks to meet personally the representative of their Sovereign, their 'Big Chief,' whose greatness they measure by the splendor of these occasions.

26434

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ORIGIN OF LAKE ISSYK-KUL

BY P. SHKURKIN

From *Kitaiskia Legendy*, a personal collection of Chinese and Central Asiatic Legends

[THIS modern legend is taken from a collection of stories and anecdotes gathered by P. Shkurkin, a Russian sinologue, during his recent wanderings and studies in China, Korea, and Turkestan.]

ALLAH is great!

This was very long ago, when minarets lifted their heads everywhere, and before we were afflicted by the yellow men from the east, or by the white men from the west, or yet by those red-haired devils that are trying to get in from the south. In short, it all happened when Heaven was nearer the earth, when Allah could watch everything closely, and maidens of paradise walked among the mortals.

Look, Hakim: this lake, around which you could not ride in twenty days on the fastest steed, did not exist then. Do you know why the strongest hurricane barely touches its black surface, why winds never sing around here boisterously, and grass does not whisper and birds do not dwell here, but a deadly calm reigns?

Listen to me. There was a time when a magnificent kingdom stretched twenty days' ride from this spot in either direction. There was much good land, abounding in clear streams, luscious fruits, and fat cattle; and all women there were as beautiful as those of Rushan.

Allah be praised!

Once upon a time the throne of this kingdom was occupied by the young Shah Mohammed-Jelal-Eddin. He was a good shah: his judges tried cases quickly, especially if the adversaries had money enough to pay them; his tax-collectors did not practise extortion beyond measure; and whoever built an irrigation ditch was given a freehold title to his land. The Shah did not favor wars, but he esteemed learning, sent merchants to neighboring countries, and built such mosques in his capital city as neither Samarkand nor Bagdad can boast. That capital stood on this very place, Hakim, where to-day you see a lake.

Allah is great!

The Shah lived rather secluded, and the people rarely saw him except when on the day of Bairam or Ramazan he rode to the great mosque on a beautiful steed, his chalma and dress and sabre adorned with gold and precious stones. And the people loved him.

Naturally there was a multitude of servants and officials at his court. Above all, there were many barbers, whose duty it was to shave the Shah's head — for we do not shave our beards here. And here comes the wonderful thing that people failed to understand: no matter how many barbers were enrolled in the service of the Shah, his emissaries always searched the city for new recruits.

It was not long before rumors began to spread that things were not as happy as they looked, for no one ever saw a barber again after he had been engaged by the Court. Barbers began to hang back from this service until finally the barbers' guild was ordered to send a man to the palace every other day, for no one volunteered any longer. Bar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bers were sent accordingly, and never returned, until no more barbers were left in the city save one — a beautiful youth, the only son of a widow.

Allah akbar!

The widow did not want to let her son go to the palace; but she could not disobey when one evening palace guards came to her house and ordered him to come.

Nevertheless, the widow resolved to save her son. Quick as a flash, she made him put on her dress and told him to stay home and never show himself outside; then she put on his clothes, blackened her upper lip with charcoal, and went out to the waiting soldiers.

'Let's go now,' she said in a gruff voice. Soon she found herself in the palace, where she was taken into an interior apartment lighted by several hanging lamps. The Shah sat on his silken pillows, his head covered with a high chalma, and a fragrant nargile at his feet. He made a sign and the servant left the room. The widow and the Shah remained alone.

'Well, barber,' said the ruler, 'where are thy tools?'

The widow threw herself to her knees. 'Great Shah!' she wailed, knocking her forehead on the priceless carpet that covered the mosaic floor, 'put me to death — I have deceived thee: I'm not a barber; I'm a woman.'

The Shah was greatly astonished and asked her her reason for thus venturing into the palace. He even scented a conspiracy.

'No, no, O Great Ruler,' sobbed the unfortunate woman, 'no conspiracy, but love, mere love, made me do it.'

'Love for whom? For me?' asked the Shah.

'No, Shah, not for thee, but for Abdallah, my only child.'

'But who is thy son?'

'He is a barber, the last barber in thy capital, O All-powerful Lord!'

The Shah thought he was beginning to understand, and said, 'Well then, dost thou, a woman, want to take thy son's place? I am willing.'

'No, Mighty Lord, I cannot take his place, for I do not know how to shave. I came to entreat thee not to do him any harm and to let him go. I know thy law says that no barber shall live who has touched thy sacred person; but put me to death this time, and let him go!'

The woman sobbed on the floor, and the Shah sat there pensive, and even let his nargile go out. Finally he smiled.

'Stand up, woman,' he said, 'and do not ruin my rugs with thy tears. Thou art the only one who has come to offer me a life for a life. I admire thy act because it is not a usual woman's way. Consequently I think that thou art perhaps a woman who can be trusted. And this is my decision: I shall take neither thy life nor thy son's life. But swear before me by the Prophet's name and by his beard that neither thy son nor thou shall tell a single mortal what he will see.'

The overjoyed woman, unable to give adequate expression to her delight, swore, raising her hands to heaven.

'And if I should ever break my oath,' she added, 'let the sea open and engulf us all!'

'I see thou art a shrewd woman,' said the Shah, laughing, 'and thou swearest easily, because thou knowest that there is no sea anywhere near us.'

The widow prepared to swear again, but he stopped her and told her to go home and send her son to him. Soon the youth was led into the presence of the ruler, tools in hand, and in an hour's time he was back home again — the first barber that had not forfeited his life by serving the Shah.

Allah be praised!

The mother, who had awaited his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coming with fear and trembling, embraced him, weeping. And after that time it seemed that nothing ought to trouble their peaceful life again.

Nevertheless, the very next day after her son's first visit to the palace, his mother began to be concerned. Every now and then she would let her work drop from her hands, and breathe a deep sigh. Her son was extremely busy, owing to the shortage of barbers in the city; but finally even he noticed her unusual mood and asked her if she was quite well.

'Quite well, my son,' she assured him. 'Do not worry about me.'

But as time passed, she steadily grew worse. She would often weep, and grew noticeably thinner.

'Tell me, mother, what ails thee,' the young barber asked solicitously. 'I cannot bear to see thee so sick, and I will do anything to make thee well again.'

For a long time she tried to explain away her indisposition, wept, and finally said, as he pressed her more insistently for an explanation: —

'O my son! I — I — I cannot live much longer unless I learn what thou hast seen in the Shah's apartments.'

'Mother! Hast thou not sworn that I shall tell no one?'

'O my son, I have indeed sworn that we shall let no one know, but so we shall not! But thou and I are mother and son. What difference does it make if I know what thou knowest, too?'

'No, mother, I cannot tell. I cannot make thee break thy oath.'

The mother wept in streams, lamenting the while: 'So that is how thou lovest thy mother! And I, who was ready to sacrifice my life for thee! Thou seest well that I shall not live long this way — and I might regain my health at thy first word! Well, well, if thou wantest my death, I shall die, but thou wilt be the cause of it!'

Abdallah did not expect such words from her, and his heart bled, for he loved his mother dearly. It began to seem to him that she might be right after all. The secret would not leave their threshold anyway! He embraced his weeping mother and tried to calm her.

'Do not weep, mother! I will tell thee everything — but do not forget thy vow!'

The mother began to swear fervently that not a soul should hear a word.

'Well, then, mother,' said Abdallah, whispering in his mother's ear, 'when I prepared my razors, the Shah took off his chalma and I saw that he — he had — horns!'

'Horns!!' the woman exclaimed.

'Yes, real horns. Two sturdy horns like those of a two-year bullock. That is why the Shah always wears such a high chalma, and that is why every barber who has once shaved his head had been put to death.'

The mother felt instantly at ease, for now she knew the secret. The very next day her illness vanished; she worked and sang, and her heaviest tasks were as nothing to her.

But two days had passed before the poor woman's burden of secrecy began to weigh heavy upon her. At first it was as light as down, then it felt like wood — like stone — like iron! The woman began to look sad and ill. But her son watched her carefully and reminded her time and again: —

'Mother! Remember thy oath!'

'O my son,' she answered him, 'I shall never break it.'

Still the burden on her heart grew, and grew, until it became unbearable. The mother of Abdallah was melting away as the fatal secret burned deeper into her soul day and night.

One day she went to her well for a pitcher of water, and as she was drawing up the bucket she saw her own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

image reflected far below in its clear surface. No sooner did her second self thus look up to her than her strength to resist temptation failed her. She bent down as low as she could and whispered to the woman in the well: —

'The Shah has horns!'

Her whisper was repeated and thrown back to her from the walls of the well. It startled her, but at the same time she felt such great relief that she bent down lower and began to speak in a louder voice: —

'Yes, yes! The Shah has horns on his forehead, real horns!'

When finally she tore herself away from the well, she felt quite happy and satisfied.

But lo! What was this? A strange noise came from the depth of the well. It grew more threatening every instant. The water whirled and rose and soon began to pour out over the edges of the well.

It was not long before not only the widow's house, but the whole town and then the valley was submerged in a lake as large as a sea, and all who had been living there were drowned.

That is why this lake is always so still and quiet: it is the grave of an oath-breaker. May memory of the Shah be accursed, who trusted even the best woman in his kingdom with a secret and thus led his whole people to perdition.

Hakim, love woman, but do not trust her with a secret, even if she should be thine own mother.

Allah is great!

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF STENDHAL

BY JEAN CARRÈRE

From *Le Temps, November* 1
(Paris Semiofficial Opportunist Daily

If one makes a habit of questioning people whose grandfathers were personally acquainted with Henri Beyle, or Stendhal, at Civitavecchia, and who have preserved a few anecdotes about him through two generations, one comes to realize that Stendhal, though he professed horror for all hypocrisy, was, as a result of this very horror, something of a hypocrite himself, — albeit a hypocrite of an unusual sort, — pretending to be cynical, debauched, a loose liver, and a dreadful sort of person generally, whereas he was, as a matter of fact, a very fine man, devoted to his friends, indulgent even toward his enemies, with no desire to injure anyone, full of sincere friendship, and at bottom a very sentimental person, with all the sentimentality of a timid bourgeois.

The word 'timid' will surprise his readers just as it would have surprised me ten years ago, and it will perhaps anger some of his frenzied admirers who insist on seeing in Stendhal what he would have liked to see in himself — an early specimen of a superman. Yet there can be no doubt that he was timid — that is obvious from all the trivial stories that I have gathered up about his life. He was timid and hesi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tant in his dealings with men, especially with his superiors and those whose aid he needed in his career. He did not know how to intrigue, and did not like to. He was quite the reverse of a climber, which explains his failure to succeed during his lifetime, and is the real reason why he had neither the position nor the reputation that he deserved.

Most of all he was timid in his relations with women: this genius, who knew so well how to talk about them, did not know how to talk to them. Extraordinary psychologist that he was, however, he thoroughly realized his weakness, and suffered bitterly from the realization. Yet, as if in a furious reaction against himself, he strove to appear quite the reverse of his sentimental and timid self. His ideal was, inevitably, the conquering hero, the cynical and dominating man who was the very opposite of his own character and whom he would have liked to become. That is why he was so fond of the heroes of Julien Sorel, Fabrizio del Dongo, Count Mosca, and the energetic masters of the Italian Renaissance, who to his distress portrayed the type of perpetual conqueror that Stendhal himself could never be.

Of all the heroes of history and legend, the one who chiefly haunted Stendhal's imagination was, without doubt, Don Juan. To live like Don Juan was, in his eyes, the finest destiny that a real man, an up-and-doing gentleman of birth and breeding, could possibly attain. The man to whom a woman can refuse nothing, the cavalier with the masterful eyes who has but to present himself and smile to have her fall into his arms — such was the ideal of the author of *L'Amour*. The fact is plain through all his work — in the characters whom he created, as well as in those comments of his own which he scattered through them. It is especially clear from the notes that he has left on the margins of some books which Signor Clodoreo Bucci has preserved at Civitavecchia.

One of the most interesting things that I found among these treasures was a forgotten novel of the nineteenth century, of which I shall have occasion to speak later. It is a version of the story of Don Juan, which Stendhal has annotated with a curious taste.

So thoroughly was Stendhal's mind occupied by the character of Don Juan that he has given some of his readers the impression that he himself was a man of that sort. Perhaps in the end he persuaded himself; and yet he was the precise opposite of the hero of the 'thousand and three.' Don Juan never pursued women. Stendhal was always running after them. Don Juan was never the first to fall in love. He waited for the lady to do that. But Stendhal was perpetually falling in love. Don Juan, by his very nature, never did and never could meet with à reverse, whereas poor Stendhal met with many and many a reverse. Perhaps I may be allowed to tell the story of two of his unfortunate love affairs — one at Rome, the other in Civitavecchia. They reveal him as an appealing and tenderly human character, but not in the least as a Don Juan.

While he was in Rome he fell in love with the beautiful Countess C., the reputation of whose beauty has come down to us through the chroniclers of her time, through the portraits that the painters have left of her, and through her granddaughters, whom I have seen and who possess all the charm of their grandmother. Stendhal was presented to her by her friends the Caetani, was received at her home, and of course fell head over heels in love. He paid his usual timid and respectful court, but learned one fine day that the lady was beloved by Don Filippo Caetani, one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the most brilliant gentlemen in the Eternal City, who in manners and culture represented that very type of predestined conqueror whom Stendhal himself dreamed of becoming. Here, then, was a fascinating rival, who was, moreover, a friend of his own. It was an unpleasant situation. But Stendhal was fond of his friends, and he had a talk with Don Filippo, assured him that his love was Platonic, and promised that Platonic it should remain. They agreed that he should continue to visit the beautiful Countess, to intoxicate himself with her presence and to pay her his always respectful court, while his friendship with Don Filippo became closer and closer.

This is all very charming, no doubt, and quite creditable to Stendhal's delicacy, but can you quite see Don Juan in such a position?

Stendhal's second adventure, at Civitavecchia, is still more characteristic. This adventure has always seemed doubtful to me because it is recounted by Lysimaque Tavernier, Stendhal's subordinate at the consulate and his implacable enemy. I have, nevertheless, inquired about the story at Civitavecchia, where vague memories of it linger — all the more so because the family of the lady in the case still has descendants living there. For that reason I shall not give the name, but shall content myself with mere initials. Reduced to its bourgeois simplicity, however, and freed of the adornments which Lysimaque Tavernier tried to give it, the story is very human and touching. Though here again Stendhal fails to appear as a conquering Don Juan, he does show himself highly sympathetic and a very disinterested and brave man.

In the little seacoast town, at the time when Henri Beyle was consul, there lived a noble but impoverished French family originally from Avignon, of ancient Catholic lineage, who had come after their ruin to recoup their fortunes in the little pontifical village which served as a gate for all Frenchmen approaching the papal states. Being reduced to poverty, this family lived — in a dignified way — on what they earned. Count V., the father, worked in a carpenter's shop and furniture store, and the mother had courageously opened a shop for cleaning delicate garments. The children were earning a living as well as they could; and the young daughter, who seems to have been a tall and beautiful girl, worked in her mother's shop. The young girl's uncle, her father's brother, was a very pious man, living in a hermitage in northern Italy. Having retained a little of his fortune, he used to send small sums to his brother, and was expected to leave his money to his nephews.

The V. family lived in the Comporsino Square, near the first house in which Stendhal lived and where he sometimes went later on to dine in a popular *osteria*. Was Stendhal struck by the contrast between the noble origin of the family and its misfortunes, or was he simply attracted by the Junoesque stature of Mlle. V.? Both sentiments, no doubt, developed together in his sensitive and imaginative mind, for he fell in love with the girl and quite honestly thought of making her his wife. She was poor, but what did that matter? She was brought up to live simply, and he was earning enough for two. He therefore began to pay court to Mlle. V., and let the parents understand his intentions. The mother favored the marriage. Henri Beyle was the French Consul, the most important of the consuls in the papal port; he moved in the best circles at Rome, where he visited the homes of genuine princes. He was therefore a piece of unexpected good luck for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young daughter of a poor family. The father also had no objection to the idea of the marriage, but as he was an extreme Catholic he was somewhat disquieted by the reports that he heard of the Consul's indifference to religion and the famous plots against the Pope at which Lysimaque Tavernier used to hint.

To be on the right side of the father and to put his suspicions to sleep, Stendhal seems not to have hesitated to go to Mass at the same church that the family attended, both to see the daughter and to be seen by the parents, and he used to read devoutly from a fine leather-bound 'prayer book.' The book may have been a novel by Voltaire or Crébillon *fils*, but the V. family did not look so close, and the match was just about to be made when Count V. was struck with the idea of writing to his brother in the hermitage at Piedmont.

At the mere mention of the name of Henri Beyle — who was already becoming known as Stendhal — the hermit leaped with surprise and indignation. He wrote to the father of the young girl that he could do as he liked, but that henceforward every link between them would be broken, because the Consul Beyle was a dreadful rascal, and what was more, he, the uncle, would leave not a cent to his nephews and his niece.

Cataclysm! Severance of relations! Tears on one side, disappointment on the other, and poor Stendhal stopped going to Mass.

This was one of the numerous tribulations that he underwent at Civitavecchia through the diabolical manœuvres of his chancellor, Lysimaque Tavernier. Are they to be regretted? Or ought we to rejoice in the quiet rest of Stendhal's last days and the memory he has left to posterity? Neither the one nor the other. We must take Stendhal as he is, and recognize that in the long run his disillusionment worked to the advantage of his art.

Let not the disciples of Stendhal complain against me because I have shown that the great writer was by no means a Don Juan and that he even met with some sad disappointments in love; for the part of Stendhal which they rightly love is his work, and if he had really been a Don Juan his work would never have existed. The real Don Juan, as a matter of fact, talks very little of the ladies and of love, and he writes still less. The real thing is enough for him, and as he is without uneasiness on the subject of his beloved, he thinks little of her when she is away. Love is no preoccupation for him, because he knows that he can find it anywhere. Other men, however, men of Stendhal's sort, are perpetually thinking of it, and perpetually disquieted. They talk of love unceasingly. If they had a genius for writing, it is they who would write of love. If Stendhal has created heroic lovers, men and women, if he has written so many vibrant pages about love to the delight of his admirers, it is all really just because he was very often unfortunate in love and sometimes even a little ridiculous, like the rest of poor mankind, or at least the greater part of it, whose sufferings he understood so well.

And so all is for the best in the best possible of literary worlds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNA CLARA'S DANCE

BY HASSE ZETTERSTRÖM

From *Julstämning*
(SWEDISH CHRISTMAS ANNUAL)

[THE doings of Anna Clara are chronicled at regular intervals in the columns of *Julstämning*. Her author is editor of a humorous paper in Stockholm.]

ANNA CLARA is thirteen. 'A big young lady! And how she grows!' exclaim all who see her. She is tall and slender, and does not really know whether to let her hair grow long or whether to cut it short like little girls. She is on the road to womanhood. She no longer skips with a rope, or plays with toys and dolls — the dear old dolls sit abandoned in a corner and look reproachfully at her with their round, wide-staring eyes.

'I'll give them to my children,' says Anna Clara, 'if they are girls — though I would really rather not have any.'

Anna Clara rides horseback and she plays tennis. She has a racket which is so expensive that she has to hide it in different places so that her brother Emmanuel will not get hold of it. And she goes to see moving pictures, of course. She has a whole box full of photographs of cinema heroes and one or two heroines. Once in a while she picks out one of them and says to her father: —

'Is n't he awfully swell? Enough to kill you!'

But she is only thirteen.

'Where is it going to end?' asks her mother.

'What were you like yourself?' replies her father.

'There were no moving-picture theatres in my time.'

'How perfectly awfully dull it must have been!' says Anna Clara. Then she adds, 'Poor things! It 's a wonder you did n't die.'

But one thing remains untried in Anna Clara's hopeful young life. She has never been to a dance — a real, regular dance with real dance-music and real partners. The parties for children in the homes do not count. There the parents come too, and they take you home altogether too early. No, a real dance with dance orders and all the latest dances. Not with a phonograph either, but with music by a genuine orchestra. That is, the real thing.

One day at dinner Anna Clara sits still and silent, eating her cabbage soup, which she hates. Then she puts down her spoon, and we think it is to get her breath; but it is for something else — something much more important. She looks straight ahead into the thin air and then remarks in an artificially natural and make-believe-unembarrassed tone of voice: —

'I have been invited to a dance on Saturday. Ivar has invited me.'

'I beg your pardon! Which Ivar?' asks her father.

'Ivar Lönnberg, of course.'

'Don't know him. Never had the honor of being introduced.'

'But I know him. Is n't that enough? We met last winter at Greta's. It is to be a real dance. He 'll come and get me in an auto at seven.'

'Does he have his own automobile?'

'It does n't have to be his own.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't be stupid. Are n't there plenty of autos everywhere? Can I go?'

'Of course.'

'But how are you going to get home?' asks her mother, a little disturbed.

'Get home? I 'll ride home, of course, when it 's over. That is plain enough. Don't be stupid.'

Then came a week of excitement and tension. Anna Clara's dress, the very best, no longer sufficed. It was altogether too small, and it was n't made at all the way it ought to have been. All the other girls had new, up-to-date gowns, and how then could she — ? And then she had to have new shoes and new stockings, and then it was very important what she was to have in her hair. Should she have anything in her hair, or should she have nothing at all?

Anna Clara and her mother went shopping, and called on seamstresses. They bought fashion papers, held conferences, and deliberated, and had a dreadful number of things to attend to. Once in a while they made a call on father, looked at him entreatingly, and said, 'How expensive everything is nowadays.' Father thought so too; but was n't Anna Clara going to her first real dance, and with a partner she alone knew intimately? That was the excitement. Obviously everything possible had to be done.

And so, after an entire eternity of days, came Saturday. In the morning Anna Clara went to school as usual. To think she condescended! But she came home for lunch, and as she stepped into the hall she cried: —

'Has my dress come? Are the shoes here?'

It had. They were. Everything was ready, spread out on her bed. When she came home for dinner it was still there, and at the top of the dress Emmanuel had fastened a little rose-bud. At first Anna Clara thought it was sweet; then she tore it off and threw it in the fireplace, because she discovered it was made of — paper.

Dinner was all cordiality, quiet, dignity. The whole family felt that something wonderful in the life of a certain young person was about to take place. Dick, who is only a dog, — though he *is* a poodle, — sat close to Anna Clara's chair with his nose in her lap, looking admiringly up at her with devotion in his eyes. When she rose and went into her room to dress Emmanuel said: —

'It is exactly half-past five. Make note of the time for future editions of the *Northern Encyclopædia.*"

Anna Clara departed in dignified silence. Thirteen years' practice and experience had taught her that one word leads to another and that the last word can easily hit the wrong person — namely, herself. 'Resignation! Self-control!' her face said, as she advanced into her room to dress for her first real dance.

In an hour she is ready and stands revealed in the parlor in her full glory. The bright dress fits exactly as it should. Her hair has been done up in soft whirls. It has taken two nights and twenty 'curlers' to get it to behave. The stockings match the dress and the shoes are of the right model. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to criticize. I can't tell the name of the goods of which the dress is made, nor do I know how to describe everything that is on it. I 'm only a man.

We all surround her and no one dares say a word. It is always difficult to find the right word on such solemn occasions.

'Well?' says Anna Clara herself.

'Wonderful!' says her father. And then the telephone rings. Anna Clara runs, grabs the receiver, and says, 'Hello.' Then she stands quiet and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listens. After half a minute she puts down the receiver with a bang and turns a pale and scared little face toward us.

'What is it?' I ask. 'What has happened?'

Anna Clara swallows something which already glistens in her eyes, and then she says: —

'It was Ivar's sister who called and said that one of the boys had sent word he could n't come, so then they would be uneven couples, and then I need n't come —.'

We stood silent, and I thought she was too small for a real dance. A little girl can be treated no matter how. Then someone remarked: —

'Your invitation canceled? Because a boy could n't come? Is it permissible to act like that?'

'I don't know,' replied Anna Clara with downcast eyes and picking at her new, beautiful gown; 'I don't know. I have never, never been to a real dance.'

What happened after that, what was said and thought, is not to be described; it belongs absolutely to private life. But when Anna Clara had gone to bed later in the evening I went into her room and sat down on her bed, as I used to do when she was a little girl and wanted to hear fairy stories.

'Don't feel bad,' I said; 'you will have time to attend many, many real dances. This thing does n't matter.'

She looked at me without seeing me, and then she crawled under the coverlets and sobbed: —

'They 're dancing now, they 're dancing now!'

I then went silently away, because the greatest griefs we have to bear alone.

But two weeks later Anna Clara did attend her first dance. It was Göran Lind who invited her that time, and it was a real dance, a students' ball in the gymnasium — a dance without countermands for uneven couples.

Anna Clara wore her new dress. It looked even better than the first time. And exactly at seven Göran called for her, escorted her out, and whizzed away with her in a big handsome automobile.

It was one o'clock in the morning when she returned. I stood by the window and watched the automobile arrive, and saw her partner escort her to the front door. There he stood under the light, cap in hand, and said goodbye, thanking her for a fine and happy evening. But when I heard her sharp, short ring on the doorbell I turned out the light and crawled into bed. Old folk should n't be curious — or at least they should n't show that they are.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE INEFFICACIOUS EGG

BY ROY BISHOP

[*Outlook*]

THE egg is smooth and very pale;
It has no nose, it has no tail;
It has no ears that one can see;
It has no wit, no repartee.

If it were round or even square,
Or squat in contour like a pear;
If it were green, or blue, or black;
Or had a shell that did not crack:
One would insure its *belle tournure*.

Eggs are most futile, vapid things;
They have no soul, they have no wings;
They do not eat, they do not drink;
They do not even try to think.

A FRIEND

BY ROY BISHOP

[*Outlook*]

INDEED it would be hard to beat
My friend Augustus's conceit;
The sun, the stars, the morning dews,
Are 'properties' for his pet muse;
And should you ask him one fine night —
'Is not the moon a glorious sight?'
He'll give you a most angry look
And talk about his latest book;
Or say —
'The moon! that silver scab!
That harlot of the skies! that drab!
That played-out piece of putrid pelf!'
And then he'll talk out about himself
Till dawn, with leprous glow,
Eastward, breaks low.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINCES ON THEIR OWN

How many men of royal blood would be heard of independently of their family rank and private fortune? Not all are fitted by nature to be social lions only. Some take kindly to education and a few are famous in their own right. In the past a military career used to be the line of least resistance, and in uniform they at least looked their best. But in Denmark military show has n't been popular since the defeat before Prussia and Austria combined in 1864, and Danish royalty seldom appears in uniform. Now the Socialist Government is making ready for total disarmament, and the young men of royal blood have for some time been preparing themselves to fill useful rôles in agriculture, the country's chief industry. One of them manages a farm in Canada, where he has also found a wife; and another, married to a New York girl, plans to manage an estate in Denmark and perhaps beat his brother's butter record. Only Prince Aage, who is a captain in the French Foreign Legion in Morocco, seems to prefer being a soldier; but he also serves as correspondent for a Copenhagen paper.

In Sweden some princes have struck out in other directions. It is now nearly half a century since Prince Oscar, second brother of the present king, renounced his rights to the succession in order to marry one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting. Since then he has given most of his time to the work of the Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A. One of his daughters came to the United States to attend a Y. W. C. A. conference last summer and stayed long enough to work 'incog.' for a while in a Chicago glove factory, being desirous to learn at first hand how American factory operatives live. One of the German princes of Baden is an ordained priest, and before the war preached in Paris in the famous church of St. Julien le Pauvre. Prince Carl, the third brother of the Swedish king, is a bona fide general, a member of the higher war college, and inspector of cavalry. He is also president of the International Red Cross, with headquarters at Geneva.

A still more independent career has been carved out for himself by Prince Eugene, the fourth and youngest brother of Gustav V, who is a landscape painter of rank, a friend and comrade of the late Anders Zorn, and a genius of mixed origin. After leaving the University of Upsala, Prince Eugene studied art in Paris under Bonnat and Gervet, making his debut in the Salon des Artistes Français. In Stockholm, where he has a studio and where he is acknowledged as a member of the best art-circles, he has recently done some ambitious mural paintings for new public high-schools. As an artist he would be famous even if he were not a prince.

Last spring he made a tour of Italy to paint landscapes, living while in Rome in a hotel on the Via Sistina. The August number of *Roma*, the Italian monthly devoted to the city's history and art life, reproduced two of his canvases — The Capitol from the Aracoeli Market, and The Square before the Quirinal. An accompanying article reviewed his career as a painter, and added: 'Like Fjaestad, Schultzberg, Hesselbom, and Anna Boberg, Prince Eugene prefers landscapes without either human figures or animals. Often he treats his subjects in the light

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his northern summer nights and succeeds in reproducing the atmosphere with originality and mastery of form.'

His nephew, Prince William, the second son of Gustav V, aspires to a literary career. Originally intended for a naval officer, he visited the United States some fifteen years ago on board the warship Fylgia. Since then he has traveled both in India and in Africa, serving in the latter continent as photographer for a scientific expedition. His descriptive travel-books have been published in English. To the Swedish press he contributes, besides travel sketches, occasional verse that is above the average. Now he is the regular theatrical reviewer for the weekly woman's journal *Idun*, which in 1891 discovered and launched Selma Lagerlöf, her *Gösta Berling* winning first prize in a fiction contest.

The royal dramatic reviews are signed 'Pewe,' the initials of Prince Wilhelm spelled out. Their crisp concentrated style would pass muster in most continental publications, and the subject matter reveals the usual skepticism of the hardened theatregoer. He is not, however, an unkindly critic. Shortly before the war he was divorced from the Russian Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, who, it was whispered, had shown some indiscretion in the matter of military intelligence. Now she is supposed to be earning her living running a modiste's shop in Paris. Her husband, however, would be sure of being able to win his bread as a writer under any circumstances, and his personal popularity is growing, for he is a good mixer.

His literary talent may have been inherited from his grandfather, Oscar II, who was regarded as the most learned monarch of his time, being able to address the Upsala students in impromptu Latin. *Roma* describes him as one of Europe's most intelligent art-collectors. He also wrote both prose and verse that has been included in many anthologies, using the *nom de guerre* of 'Oscar Frederic.' As kings the Bernadottes are relative newcomers, descendants of a notary at Pau in southern France whose son became a general in the French Revolutionary armies. Swedish blood they have none. They are now the only reigning dynasty left of all the middle-class houses that were enthroned through the Revolution and in the Napoleonic era. All the rest have been relegated to private life.

✽

KING CHARLES'S HEAD

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S friend, Mr. Dick, is not alone in finding King Charles's head a conversational topic of absorbing interest. The recent sale for 250 guineas of the silk vest which the unfortunate monarch wore upon the scaffold — it now reposes in the London Museum — is not the most intimate relic that has been exhibited in recent years, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, which then goes on to tell the following grisly but interesting anecdote: —

> In 1813, during alterations in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, workmen accidentally opened the tomb of the 'Martyr King,' and the Prince Regent had the coffin opened in the presence of Sir Henry Halford, the famous surgeon, and some others. Lifting the head, they found it loose, and Halford removed one of the small vertebræ, severed by the axe. This he kept, and for years afterward used to exhibit it at his dinner-table as a curiosity. After Halford's death news of the relic reached the ears of the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and by his orders, one day in 1888, a small aperture was made in Charles's coffin and the gruesome relic replaced.

✽

OUTWARD BOUND IN VIENNA

AFTER successful English and American productions, Mr. Sutton Vane's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outward Bound has had a somewhat less successful production at Reinhardt's Josefstädter Theatre in Vienna, under the title *Ueberfahrt*. The German version is the work of Richard Beer-Hofmann, the well-known Austrian dramatist. Vienna's critics find the play poetical, but complain that the action tends to drag. Some critics think that this highly modernized version of Charon's barque is the most original dramatic idea of recent years. Others fall with true critical venom upon the happy ending. Still others suggest that *Outward Bound* — or *Ueberfahrt* — would have been a much better and stronger play if it had been written in one act. The originality and symbolism of the first and last acts of the play as it stands are, however, highly praised.

*

NOVELISTS' WEALTH

LONDON *Public Opinion* has been led by the announcement that Joseph Conrad left an estate of £20,045 to draw up a list of the amounts left by other well-known novelists, most of whom were somewhat more successful than Conrad in amassing a fortune. A few years ago the famous novelist was so poor that a small Civil List pension afforded welcome relief. Later, as his books became more and more successful, he gave up his pension.

The list of novelists and their fortunes — which is all the more interesting because of the very uneven literary quality of the writers mentioned — is as follows: —

	£
Charles Dickens	80,000
Charles Garvice	71,000
Miss Braddon	68,112
Mrs. Florence Barclay	33,749
W. D. Howells	33,000
George Meredith	32,000
Miss Edna Lyall	25,338
Mrs Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes)	24,502
Miss Marie Corelli	24,076
Manville Fenn	11,849
Mrs. Humphry Ward	11,308
Miss Rosa N. Carey	10,991
George Gissing	1,053

*

GERMAN ACTORS' SALARIES

No actor and no actress, no matter how talented, how famous, or how notorious, is worth more than 300 marks a night, according to the decision of a convention of German theatre-managers, who have set out to free the German stage from the evils of the star system. Perhaps the managers are not averse to saving a little in salaries, but of course they do not mention such vulgar and mundane considerations.

At the present moment these single-hearted uplifters of the Berlin stage find only three women and eleven men worthy of the 300-mark stipend. Other players of less importance have been arranged in three groups of successively decreasing salary, while opera singers have been arranged in only two. All applicants for jobs in the future will face a committee before salaries are determined.

The managers are out to break up the practice of allowing stars a guaranty running up to as much as thirty per cent of the evening's receipts. They say that no prominent actor is willing to sign a contract for less than twenty-five per cent. The actors are indignantly holding protest meetings, but it is not expected that they will meet with great success. Many actors admit that they were better off under the old company-system — when they had a regular wage all the year and a two months' holiday, when they could star if they wanted to — than under the starring system, when they may play at incredible salaries for a month and then look around for another engagement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YALE FOOTBALL AND THE ENGLISH PRESS

NOTHING is more difficult for one nation to understand than another nation's sports. Most Americans will find something entertaining in the following paragraph from the *Westminster Gazette:* —

American enterprise seems to have miscarried badly in the attempt to render the Yale Association Football team invincible by doses of sugar to counteract the effects of violent exertion.

Although the formula was applied with mathematical precision, and sweets and peppermint administered at half-time, Yale was rather badly beaten by Pennsylvania, which scorned alchemy.

But it would be interesting to know the comments of the defeated side after the game, and whether next time they will try chocolate éclairs.

❁

REOPENING THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXPOSITION

A DEFINITE decision has been reached by the Executive Council, over which the Duke of Devonshire presides, to reopen the British Empire Exposition at Wembley next year. Bad weather — by which is to be understood what Englishmen mean when they say 'bad weather' — interfered with the success of the Exposition last year, reducing the expected attendance by one half, and the guarantors find themselves faced with a deficit of about £1,800,000.

After long discussion, the Committee decided that, as the loss was largely on initial expenditures, and as the exhibition had shown an actual profit over running expenses every day while it was open, the only chance of recouping the losses and protecting the guarantors was to reopen. The date tentatively set is May 1, but this is inevitably subject to change. The Government has offered to increase the official guaranty from £600,000 to £1,000,000, and this extra assistance has induced most of the Dominions and Colonies to renew their patronage. Practically all will reopen their pavilions and keep their exhibits in place. If any of the British private exhibitors wish to drop out, there are already more than enough to take their places.

❁

THE SATISFIED BACHELOR

THE editor of the London *Spectator*, who has lately been discussing the servant question in his columns, has received the following remarkable communication, which seems to merit reproduction: —

SIR, — I have discussed the servant question with various bachelor friends. We have not yet discovered any servant problem. . . .

Women are very nice to men, unless married to them, but they are not infrequently fiends to each other. If a small householder has serious trouble with servants the remedy is in his own hands. Let him get rid of his wife. Judging by the newspapers, this is now an easy and pleasant process, and well worth the initial expenditure. — I am, Sir, &c.,

A THANKFUL BACHELOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Wonders of Salvage, by David Masters. London: John Lane, 1924. 8*s*. 6*d*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

'WHAT about the man?' That was the question that Mr. Kipling's engineer asked himself after all his doubts about the machine had been resolved. In this account of the salving of ships the man stands out, not only as the most ingenious of the machines employed in the work, but as devoting himself to his duty in a way to satisfy McAndrew in his most puritanical depression. In some of the stories told by Mr. Masters the man stakes his life in moments of exaltation,— to save other lives or to thwart the enemy in time of war, — but he is no less devoted, and therefore transfigured, when he is striving after what the diver most frequently does strive after — that gold that moralists shake their heads over.

With this book as a text it would be easy to argue that the hunger for gold was holy instead of accursed, and that the Golden Calf was a most beneficent god. Man does himself credit with the machines that he has been stimulated into devising to recover from the ocean the gold that it has swallowed, but they will not act unless he is at the post of danger himself; the prospector, a fellow with good enough yarns to spin, sinks into the category of the promoter by comparison with the gold-seeker who does his mining at sea instead of on land. It is not credible that he should undergo the labors and accept the risks described in this book for the money value placed on his services.

The diver buckles himself in his armor, tests its joints, flings himself into the dark, wrestles with the dragon who guards the treasure in innumerable shapes, and returns — if he returns — with a prize that takes a form as intelligible as the dangers that he has undergone to win it. All the tedious and equivocal accidents of money-grubbing are eliminated. The gold is not necessarily in bars or doubloons; but the stories in which it assumes that form are the most apposite, tense, and dramatic. In these the bright, incorruptible gold itself rewards the man who has shown the masculine virtues which gold has done so much to develop in his race. The gold has been lost by some human frailty or inadvertence; it has become the aptest symbol of drowned honor when plucked up by the diver. The reader will be repeatedly reminded of the recent attempt on Everest. Substitute depth for height, and the conditions are much the same: there is the same demand for foresight in preparation, for constant attention, for presence of mind in facing the unexpected, for endurance, and for courage; the diver, like the climber, adventures where he lacks the air he breathes.

Each of the exploits described by Mr. Masters is so peculiar and thrilling in its details that one is apt to forget the prime factor that governs them all: to ask the human body to undergo pressures three, four, or five times greater than atmospheric pressure is asking it to undergo strains four or five times greater than it was designed to stand. No two readers will agree on any one story as being the most typical of the spirit in which the diver approaches his task; and out of deference to the fastidious we will pick out one in which ambiguous gold does not figure even as a symbol.

Let us take the making of the Severn tunnel, partly because of small errors that are more illuminating than the usually perfect organization. A door was left open by an oversight; the water rose forty feet up the shaft; the workings were flooded; it was impossible to proceed until the door was closed. Someone's honor was drowned. Lambert, an expert diver, did all and more than seemed possible, but he retired baffled; the rush of water had strewn the tunnel with wreckage, and it was beyond him to drag through it the 1200 feet of air-pipe with which he was equipped. Enter Fluess, the inventor of a diving-dress which dispensed with the air-pipe. The only diving he had ever done was in connection with his experiments on his device — laboratory work as opposed to practical. He volunteered to make for the door, but suggested that Lambert had better go down first to put him on the right line, as he knew nothing about the workings.

Lambert went down and waited forty feet under water in the dark; Fluess followed, descending a ladder rung by rung; after a time there were no more rungs; no one had remembered to tell Fluess that the ladder was short of the bottom by ten feet; he continued to go down, expecting to touch bottom, and at last hung from the last rung by his hands. He let go, leaving his arrangements for his return journey until it needed consideration. In letting go he did what Mallory and Irvine must have done when they were seen ascending, though behind their time.

There is much more to this story, but that drop into the unknown pit must suffice for Fluess. Lambert in the end shut the door; it was not done in one journey, for the water had wedged two heavy rails in the gap. The door shut, Lambert felt for a valve and screwed and screwed until it was tight. They had not told him that to shut the valve he should have screwed to the left in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stead of the usual way, to the right; and it is the essence of these stories of salvage that the man feeling his way in the dark below must be advised by a man above who remembers the position of every valve and which way it turns. The courage would be wasted without the brain. That statement is illustrated by Mr. Masters from accounts of treasure-hunts, diving-adventures in monster-haunted seas, and submarine rescues — and, most clearly of all, in the routine work of salving sunken ships.

Stella Defiant, by Clare Sheridan. London: Duckworth, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

STELLA MALLORY, the heroine of *Stella Defiant,* is the beautiful daughter and heiress of an Irish whiskey manufacturer and a Russian dancer. She defies all conventions from the first. She is a born revolutionary, and sacrifices the husband — whom she does not love — and the exalted position which irks her to find the realities of life in the revolutionary circles of Ireland and Germany. She passes through much tribulation to find peace and love at last with Mehemet Aaly, a Turkish idealist. Their child, Desmond, will, his mother is convinced, find what she has looked for. The world will be different, and 'Desmond's Communism will fit in.' The book is full of incident, and deals with many types, though as a study of temperament it is hardly convincing.

Nell Gwynne, by Arthur Dasent. London: Macmillan, 1924. 18*s.*

[Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*]

MR. ARTHUR DASENT is a topographer rather than a raconteur; and whatever shortcoming the qualification may import into a Life of Nell Gwynne, it must at least be conceded that it spares its readers as much as it denies them. There is nothing in this scholarly and self-respecting biography of that itch for salacious detail which contaminates so many records of 'ladies fair but frail.' Mr. Dasent respects alike his subject and his art. A mighty hunter of registers and rate-books, he will go half over London, like Boswell, in search of a date, and enjoys an hour's triumph over Philistia when he can correct a supposition of Peter Cunningham or supplement a record of Genest. He has no new conception of Nell Gwynne to offer, no paradoxical theory nor irritating pretension. She peeps once more through the squalid casement of Drury Lane, or between the plaited avenues of Whitehall, the same 'pretty, witty Nell' that Pepys has drawn for us, 'a bold, merry slut, always laughing, but always wise.' Just once and again, perhaps, the biographer flushes under his congenial task, and lingers lovingly over her 'bronze-red hair, sun-kissed with streaks of gold,' her eyes 'of the darkest imaginable shade of sapphire blue,' her complexion 'like the wild rose,' and 'the smallest foot and neatest ankle in all the town.' But for the most part his portrait is kindly but discriminating, intimate yet unsentimental; and such is the intrusive charm of his subject that, even if at intervals the setting seems to overpower the central figure, yet the eclipse is never more than momentary. Nell herself has her own way with her biographer, and will not be denied.

London Inns and Taverns, by Leopold Wagner. London: Allen and Unwin, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

THERE is almost too much information in Mr. Wagner's new book. He has been exploring London minutely and devotedly for forty-five years, and he must have filled mountains of notebooks. He traces the convivial places of London from the guest-houses at monasteries right through to the cinema tea-lounges and theatre bars, and, of course, gives most space to the inns and taverns which have a tradition of great literary frequenters. There is an inexhaustible treasury of odd pieces of knowledge in the book — the derivation of the inn-sign 'The Bag o' Nails' from — what would you guess? — *The Bacchanals;* the record of the Dutchman Van Harn, who in the course of his life drank at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, 35,680 bottles of wine; the tale of the Whistling Oyster, a genuine oyster with a genuine whistle, which gave a name to the public house where it was discovered. Even the paragraph headings have an attraction: 'Coffee-house keepers invariably men of culture,' for example, a most intriguing statement. There is a good index, and almost all the inns and public houses of London which are not mere mushrooms will be found in it.

BOOKS MENTIONED

REYMONT, LADISLAS. *The Peasants.* 2 vols. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924–25.

SHKURKIN, P. *Kitaiskia Legendy* (Chinese Legends). Harbin: Published by the author, 1921. Churin & Co., Harbin, booksellers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Thanks to the Boy Scouts and the British Empire, Africa is in a fair way to awaken from its timeless slumbers. The Great War, which proved so disastrous for the rest of the world, has let in the light of day on the Dark Continent.

* * *

Strange customs hold sway in the market places of the Gold Coast. When a young lady has been successfully courted she is installed for six weeks in a pitch-dark hovel where she lies flat on her back eating for all she is worth at her fiancé's expense. Upon emerging she is barely able to squeeze through the door, but for all that she is the idol of the other coal-black flappers until she gets married and goes to work for her husband.

* * *

The account of the Battle of Ayacucho is only one hundred years behind the times, but its author is decidedly up to date. General Mangin played a brilliant part in the late war, and he has lately been visiting South America to see what he could see.

* * *

With all their little weaknesses, the tacticians of the Third International are even bolder disciples of common-sense than our own President. Believing that democracy should be entirely confined to the proletariat, they simply eliminate all superior people. This admirable programme the *Living Age* hesitates to endorse, chiefly on the ground that it would dispose of every one of our readers.

* * *

'Allah be praised! Allah is great! Allah akbar!' is the tune to which you whistle the legend on the Origin of Lake Issyk-Kul. It is a tale they tell in Chinese Turkestan of a great and good Shah whose only fault was that he killed all his barbers. But why he killed them, and what the embarrassing growths on his head have to do with the case, cannot be revealed here.

* * *

Although he talked like a fire-eater, Stendhal was a parlor Don Juan who always worked on a Platonic basis. He lost one girl because his love-making was too old-fashioned, and queered himself with another because his ideas were too advanced. It's a cruel world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MIDNIGHT FANTASY WHICH TREATS OF AMERICA, DEMOCRACY, AND SUCH

It was very dark as we felt our way into our office for one of those midnight sessions which a relentless printer, demanding copy, occasionally makes necessary.

We were fumbling for the light switch when we heard a voice.

Now a voice in our office is not unusual. But at this hour of the night and in the dark, it is not what one might call a matter of course.

* * *

"Practically, democracy is the government of the people by alternating minorities of professional politicians, indorsed with enthusiasm or with resignation, by a majority of qualified voters," the voice was saying.

"It may be a bare majority, so bare as to be indecent." — And that identified the speaker as Albert Guérard.

"Almost one-fifth of all who cast a ballot in the last election, registered their conviction that neither of the old parties was longer fit to administer the affairs of government," put in another voice — none other than Senator William E. Borah's.

"Well, consider the President," advises Edward Bok.

And the unmistakable Southern drawl of Edwin Dial Torgerson and the New England tone of Edmund A. Whitman joined in the conversation.

* * *

In another part of the room the raconteurs were holding a session. One was able to identify John Galsworthy recalling his friendship with Joseph Conrad.

And Sidney Howard, the young author of the dramatic success "They Knew What They Wanted," was telling the story of Ellen Steele. Thomas Boyd had a good one. William Lyon Phelps added any number of comments on his trip to the theatres of London and Paris.

* * *

Over in another corner, Paul van Dyke and Frederick E. Bolton were discussing the youth problem from an educational point of view.

* * *

By this time, we had sunk down into a chair prepared to enjoy a pleasant early morning.

For we recalled that this was the night before publication, when, as is well known, all the contributors assemble. This was the first time we had been privileged to attend.

And you, sitting in a comfortable chair in your own library, can experience the pleasure that we did.

The January Scribner's Magazine is now current and may be secured at the best dealers and news stands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED